

# Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

NO. 3

## NEWS AND NOTES.

The Zulu military bands play "Hold the Fort" to perfection.

Matt Carpenter is suiciding. Too much cigar is what ails him.

Senator Candler is said to be fairly on the track for the presidency.

Core Dennett and Mrs. Smith, the Jersey City lovers, were sentenced to be hung.

The electric light has become so perfect that it casts a shadow behind a gas jet.

Cush Davis is said to be a possible dark horse in the Minnesota gubernatorial race.

Eight hundred lodges of Sitting Bull's Indians are reported south of the British line.

Parr, who murdered his daughter, cheats the gallows through the means of suicide.

A highway robbery was perpetrated between St. Paul and Minneapolis a few days ago.

A military telegraph line is being constructed from Fort Ellis to the new Milk river posts.

A New York bill did last week from the effects of a pin swallower by Lee about a year ago.

The Senate Committee have determined not to investigate the charges of corruption made against Senator Ingalls.

A. H. Blackett, a son of Hon. Geo. Brackett, of Minneapolis, passed out on the extension this week to join an engineering party.

Congress has appropriated a large amount of condemned ordinance for a monument to Col. L. McCook, of the 9th Ohio volunteers.

Mrs. A. J. Clark receives \$25,000 from the estate of her father recently deceased. A. J. is well known on the line of the N. P.

In the base ball league this season the Whites of Chicago, are doing themselves proud, having lost but two games out of sixteen played.

The Baptist church and a number of other buildings at Dubuque were unroofed or otherwise damaged by a terrific wind storm last week.

The new town at the foot of Big Stone Lake, in Dakota, is called Inka City. "Twenty-two buildings have been put up at Inka within the past month.

The annuity granted Bishop McCloskey has been withdrawn by the Michigan diocese. It was granted on condition that he go away never to return.

The law passed by the last Connecticut legislature hasid that state entirely of tramps. They have come west, evidently to grow up with the country.

A daughter of Walter Mann, vice President of the Merchants' National Bank, St. Paul, had the good sense to marry an industrious plumber a few days ago.

Gen. Garfield is leading the more liberal Republicans in their support of the army bill. Williams, of Wisconsin, leads those who refuse to be reconciled.

A two hundred and fifty thousand dollar fire occurred at Jackson, Michigan, a few days ago, destroying Bennett, Broder & Co.'s flouring mill and adjoining property.

Stage robbers are again at work on the Sidney route to the Black Hills. They robbed the passenger and mail on the 10th inst., realizing a handsome return for their check.

The residence of John Bramson, Yankton, was struck by lightning last week. The house was considerably injured and Mr. Bramson stunned but no serious damage was done.

The temperance people of Minnesota have nominated W. W. Salter for governor, S. B. Williams for Lieutenant Governor, J. C. Stearns, Secy of State, H. D. Brown, Treasurer, and A. W. Bangs for Attorney General.

Rev. Geo. Williams, of Laneboro, Minnesota, was indicted at the last session of the grand jury in Fillmore County, Minn., for attempting to seduce Miss Kate Hulon, a girl of 16.

A severe frost last Saturday night has caused havoc with tender vegetation throughout Wisconsin and part of Illinois. No damage was done in Dakota or Minnesota, however.

The silver subsidiary coins when presented in sums of twenty dollars will hereafter be redeemed by the U. S. Treasury. No light or mutilated coin, however, will be received.

The Society of Friends at whose instance Indian Commissioner Hoyt was appointed have washed their hands of him and desire to be relieved from any responsibility for his conduct.

The Odd Fellows Lodge at Fort Snell offers a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of Joseph Johnson, lately an employee in the store of J. C. Robb, at Ft. Bennett.

The Illinois Central has purchased the Columbus and Black Hills Railroad, and will remove the narrow gauge track placing the standard gauge in its stead, and push on to the Black Hills in due time.

C. K. Peck having filed charges against Gen. Hazen for interference with his Yellowstone contracts in 1876, they have been dismissed by the secretary of war on the ground that the offense charged occurred over two years ago.

There is trouble on Jim River with Drifting Goose's band of Indians. Their would-be reservation is on the proposed line of the Wipona & St. Peter R. R. through Dakota. There they have improvements and crops. White men have jumped them and the Indians want their property or satisfaction. The military at Fort Sisseton has gone to the scene and the commanding officer proposes to see fair play. The Indians are apparently in the right and have the entire sympathy of the troops.

The soldiers who served in Oregon and Idaho in 1865 to 1866; in Colorado, Kansas and the Indian Territory in 1868-9; Modoc war of 1872-3; Arizona in 1873; Colorado, Texas, Indian Territory and New Mexico in 1874-5; and the campaigns of 1876-7 in the Yellowstone country; the Nez Perce war of 1877; the Bannock of 1878; and the campaign of 1878-9 against the Northern Cheyennes, are entitled to wear a distinctive chevron for "service in war" these campaigns having reached the dignity of war.

## THE CITY'S IMPROVEMENTS.

### RAPID DEVELOPMENT OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

Recent Pre-Emption, Timber Culture and Homestead Entries  
---New Buildings About the City.

#### RAPID PROGRESS.

With the building of the extension, the erection of the big flour mill, the construction of a court house and jail and the general buoyant feeling in business circles, the interest in Bismarck farming land increases. The rapid development about the Seventeenth siding and the improvements north and south of town, begin to awaken the real estate spirit in our people. As a matter of importance to settlers desiring to make final proof we call their attention to a law approved in March requiring the register to publish a notice of the settler's intention to make final proof for a period of 30 days, or five weekly publications. The settler must file a written notice with the land office and deposit cost of publication. In that notice he must give names of his witnesses. Among those around town who have recently been taking pre-emptions, timber cultures and homesteads, are the following:

#### PRE-EMPTIONS.

John Quirk, Michael Lang, Wm. A. Wheeler, Michael McLeary, Edward Gilboy, Michael O'Shea, (the three last took three quarters of section 20, Town 139, range 78, near 17th siding) Joseph Morton, Mathew Kelly, Thomas J. Mitchell, (near Mandan) Geo. H. Thomas, Louis Larson, Ed. M. Brown, Jr., Wm. H. Thurston, (south of 17th siding) E. Boley and A. Boley (west bank of Missouri) Chas. B. Clark, Allan W. Clark, Edmund Hackett, (soldiers homestead) Gen. S. D. Sturgis, (do), Capt. L. H. Sanger, (do), C. M. Cushman, F. J. Mead, John Thompson, Alex. Helm-worth, Chester A. King, Eliza A. King, Thos. Uley, E. M. Ayers, (soldier's homestead) Chas. A. Galloway, F. F. Gerard, Stephen Mitchell.

#### TIMBER CULTURE.

Among these taking timber culture claims are: O. S. Goff, F. J. Call, Frank P. Brown, Henry H. Harmon, Wm. Thurston, John Burke, Pat Burns, C. S. Weaver, Elizabeth H. Lindsay, A. Boley, Geo. B. French, Chas. B. Weaver, John M. Rich, Frank W. Eaton, P. F. Malloy, M. S. Harmon, F. F. Gerard, P. M. Eckford, T. D. Cantwell, Rev. J. G. Miller, Alex. McKenzie, Wm. Lamb, Jno. M. Goss, Jno. McCarty, E. W. Markelt, H. H. Carpenter, Jno. VanDeusen, R. S. Manger.

#### HOMESTEADS.

Jesse M. Ayer, O. S. Goff, A. C. Mann, Geo. W. Harmon, Thos. Welsh, Wm. A. Robertson, C. Keegan, C. S. Graffan, R. E. Sanders, A. W. Thompson, Wm. Walter, Jno. Carland, Jno. A. Maron, W. H. Hurd, Col. E. D. Baker.

#### IN THE CITY.

Among the improvements in the city this spring THE TRIBUNE notes the following: The principal improvement on Main Street is Eisenberg's store with its fancy front, large show windows and metropolitan interior.

Mr. Bly's new brick gas house and park fence are not to be forgotten. In the former is generated the beautiful light that makes the Sheridan loom up at night, and within the latter is a grove of trees that will give Bismarck a friendly shade in time.

Immediately east of Asa Fisher's pretty cottage Peter Johnson is completing a good two story house. And east of Johnson, Gus Thorslund is finishing up one of the nicest homes in Bismarck.

Supt. Marratta, of the Coulson Line, has built an addition to his office for a parlor and reception room for Mrs. Marratta. Marratta's will be the most extensive office and rooms in town.

Dr. Porter has added a room to his office and will now have office, parlor and bed room. The latter have an arch between them and will be very neat and convenient.

Across the track east of the engine house is a new two story dwelling, the property of John Flynn, the engine dispatcher. It has one of the neatest porches in town.

George P. Flannery has the first iron fence in town around his handsome dwelling. Brick walks and evergreen trees are noticeable features in his yard.

On Third Street Dr. Bentley is building about the largest two story residence in the city. It is a great improvement to Third St.

W. B. Watson has overhauled his old store building on Fifth St., north of the Custer Hotel, and put it in capital shape for a dwelling for himself.

The blacksmith, Mr. C. B. Rust, has built an addition to his house south of the railroad track.

M. P. Slattery's store boasts a piazza and Porter's office and the county offices a new sidewalk.

George People's house on Second Street is receiving an extension, commenced this week.

C. S. Weaver and W. B. Shaw have erected neat-pale fences around their front yards.

J. A. McLean is building an addition to the kitchen of his residence on Second St. E. A. Williams, Esq., has built an office on Third Street, north of Main St.

About completed on Main street is Mr. Payne's two story residence near the

stage company's house. It will be for rent.

J. C. Cady has raised his furniture store and made it a two story building.

The Custer Hotel has built in the rear a new stable and wash house.

F. J. Call has added a neat little wing to his cosy residence on 2d St.

The signal service office is improved by the addition of a store room.

The Western Hotel has built an addition for bed rooms.

#### THINGS ABOUT MANDAN.

The Beautiful Curlew Valley and the Country Beyond---Other Notes.

Sixty to seventy farms are already being opened on the extension of the North Pacific near Mandan, and some of the settlers have already made good progress in their work. E. Boley has one hundred and fifty acres under plow; his son has a like amount; Milan Harmon has turned over about 150 acres, and Geo. W. Harmon about the same, including, of course, this year's breaking. Joe Ardron has forty acres, A. Helmsworth fifty, M. Lang ten and many others good sized tracts. But the prosperity of the west side will scarcely commence until the beautiful Curlew valley is reached. The road reaches this valley about forty miles west of Mandan and follows it forty-five miles. The valley is from a mile to three miles wide, averaging probably two miles. This stream is put down on the old maps as the Big Muddy, being known as such among the Indians. There is but little timber along Curlew but coal is abundant, and forty miles west there is considerable timber. One of the contractors expects to cut twelve thousand tons of hay in the Curlew valley this summer, and if we are not greatly mistaken this whole valley will be occupied by actual settlers before autumn. Most lovely homes will also be made on the Sweet Briar, on the headwaters of Knife River, and on the Little Missouri. Indeed as rapid development may be expected on the line west of Bismarck as followed the construction to the Red River on the line west of Brainerd. Even a better country than the beautiful Lake Park region will be found and a climate much more favorable.

#### NOTES.

(From our own Special Correspondent.)

Mandan, June 13--This week we had our first election and polled 1,100 votes which is pretty good for a three months old town. Edgerly was elected justice of the peace and Collins constable. The election passed off very quietly, there being no disturbance whatever.

C. S. Weaver & Co. have gone out of business here. Mr. Clark having bought them out on Wednesday. The reason they assigned for going out of business was that they had so many irons in the fire, as they had three other yards besides this one. Mr. Clark now has the whole lumber business on this side of the river.

Last Friday evening we had a very pleasant party at Gill's new store building. It was a surprise to see the number of ladies present. None knew we had so many here.

There is a general strike along the line by teamsters which may yet extend to all laborers. Too small wages is the trouble resulting from a contract price entirely too low.

Mr. Daniel Collins, late of the Seventeenth Infantry Band, has purchased the Headquarters Hotel building and will open it up for hotel purposes.

Sweet will soon move into F. J. Mead's building with his hotel; he has put an addition on the rear for a kitchen.

W. C. Davis opened the neatest little store in town this week. He keeps Gents' Furnishing Goods and Notions.

John Ludewig came over a few days ago and put in a general stock into his building.

The heavy rain has had no bad effect on the bridges. They were all O. K. Friday. Geo. A. Brackett's son is here waiting to go out with Gen. Rosser.

#### PEEOTCH.

#### The Bond Election.

At the Election on Tuesday Bismarck polled 227 votes, all but sixteen of these being in favor of the issue of bonds to the extent of twenty thousand dollars for the construction of a court house and jail; almost, it will be seen an unanimous vote, and a large majority of all the votes cast in the county on that day, though the proposition was not voted on in the Mandan precinct. This is as it should be. Every interest of the county demands the construction of a roomy court house and substantial jail. The commissioners should proceed at once to negotiate the bonds and construct the building, thus adding another to the important improvements that will go to make up the record of 1879.

#### Mandan Election.

At the first election in Mandan on Tuesday, there were 129 votes polled. Of these Matt Edgerly, had for Justice of the Peace 79; Geo. Washburn 50; Andrew Collins 101 for constable, and Thos. Bush, 14. Bush's caucus friends even went back on him, not because they loved Bush less, but Collins more. The officers elect will do their whole duty.

#### Green Peas.

Green Peas have already made their appearance in market from the garden of Sam English, and others. This is as early as Northern Ohio, surely.

## A WEEK OF AMUSEMENTS.

### EVERY EVENING FILLED WITH ENTERTAINMENT.

Solid Mirth and Fun---The Festival, the Walk, the Shoot, the Pic-nic, and the Opera.

#### THE PRESBYTERIAN FESTIVAL.

The strawberry festival at Raymond's Hall Thursday and Friday evenings, with a little of Dr. Pentecost's horror, (dancing) thrown in Friday evening, was as great a success as that church ever enjoyed. The great rain on Thursday was not sufficient to keep the friends at home, and they turned out in numbers large enough to dispatch all the cream and strawberries prepared for their entertainment. It was so neatly done that the ladies before Friday noon had determined to continue the Festival under the popular heading of "Social," which meant strawberries and cream without ice, and an abridged waltz with excellent music. As on the previous evening the tables were patronized to the fullest extent. Everything was disposed of. The elegant cakes were put up at auction with W. B. Shaw as auctioneer. Col. Baker bid in one at twelve dollars and presented it back to the festival managers "for sweet charity's sake." The entire receipts for the two evenings were \$185. On Thursday evening they were seventy dollars. The net receipts were at least one hundred and sixty dollars. Everybody seemed to do their duty and the result is ample proof they did.

#### AN UNSUCCESSFUL TRAMP.

The walking match at Raymond's Hall, commencing last Saturday night and ending the next night, was not a success. The receipts fell short of the expenditures and the performance, was indeed, void of entertainment. There were three entries: Levitte, a champion of Canada; Vanhorn, an amateur of Fargo, and two local men, Haggin and Dunham. The match was a twenty-seven hour contest "go as you please," for a purse of \$100. Dunham walked along for thirty-one miles and then stopped. Haggin kept ahead until Sunday afternoon when he weakened and finally stopped at the eighty-second mile. The other two held out until the end, Lovette winning by seven laps. Distance walked ninety-five miles and twenty-one laps--thirty-five laps constituting a mile. Actual walking time about twenty hours. Walking matches fail to amuse the people of Bismarck. In other words they are not up to the "puritanical" ideas, etc., or else the walkers didn't advertise.

#### GLASS BALL SHOOT.

Tuesday afternoon there was an interesting match at shooting glass balls, the trial being the largest number of broken balls in fifteen shots. The score was as follows: Dr. A. T. Bigelow broke eleven, W. B. Bell nine, J. M. Carnahan six and Jerry Plains three. The Doctor's score was the best ever made in this section.

#### THE OPERA.

The performance at Whitney's is of a superior class. The Vincents and Miss Georgie Morrell still continue to please and the new star, Billy Mack, is way up in his profession. A better show has not been given for some time.

#### A Remarkable Rain.

The rain of Thursday evening was the heaviest in the history of the U. S. Signal office in this city. It fell to the depth of three and a half inches--a heavy fall for any part of the U. S. The rain fall for this month to date is four inches. Last June the fall for the entire month was 2.73 inches. One week in April '78 the fall 4.37 inches--the heaviest on record. The roof of Mr. Mason's brick house on the hill shed forty barrels of water. The Pacific saloon was flooded but no special damage done. At Fort Stevenson there was a wicked storm with a rain fall of two inches. This rain has been a blessing to the farmers, and puts the ground in splendid condition for breaking.

#### New Paper at Miles City.

[Special Dispatch to The Tribune.]

MILES CITY, June 14--The Yellowstone, A weekly newspaper made its appearance at Miles City this week, by T. P. McElrath recently of New York and at one time a leading writer and associate editor on Frank Leslie's Illustrated paper; he has held responsible positions on other metropolitan newspapers. Mr. McElrath, fills a want long felt and will receive the cordial support of almost everybody in Eastern Montana.

#### Coal Strike.

The coal explorers opened a four foot vein of coal about ten miles west of Bismarck, which, on trial, welded iron and proves to be much better than anything heretofore discovered in Dakota. Prof. Davis was almost wild with excitement and in his excitement declared it to be the best coal he ever saw, but as he professes to be an old Pennsylvania miner this statement should be taken with grains of allowance.

#### Canada Money.

Canada money will not be received at the Post Office hereafter. It is no longer received at the banks except at a discount of two or three per cent.

## THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

Its Beauties as Pictured by a Searching Traveler.

W. S. Kenney, Esq., who recently visited the Yellowstone and Big Horn, is an intelligent witness and prophet of the present and future development of that country. Mr. Kenney hails from the garden spot (York), of Pennsylvania and is therefore, a capable judge. He found the bottoms of the Yellowstone up to Fort Keogh, rich and beautiful. At Keogh he was surprised to see the best improved post in the Department of Dakota. So far in the heart of the reputed Indian country of the west he feasted upon every comfort of civilization. He saw Mansard roofs, brick sidewalks, groves of young trees, and meadows of grass that would fill the heart of a Lancaster farmer with envy. He saw a rosebud drive, two miles long, on the banks of the Yellowstone, and a half-mile race course, named after the hero, Lieut. Clarke, that would be beautiful in the suburbs of the Queen city of Minnesota, Minneapolis. At Miles City he saw business houses as good as the best in Bismarck, and four firms who did a total business of fifty thousand dollars per month. He saw a park of the largest shade trees, and a town located in one of the prettiest spots on earth. It was a genuine surprise to find a village so substantial and looking so comfortable. Up the river to the mouth of the Big Horn he saw numerous ranches growing everything that an epicure could hope to realize from the ground. The Big Horn bottom, as he saw it from the Fort Custer bluff, is one of the pasture fields of the world. Ranches are becoming frequent, and the time is rapidly coming when the Yellowstone valley will be full of people. The climate and soil are both favorable. Mr. Kenney says the country is certainly a good one, and that its future is assured.

#### The Heart Bridges.

The bids received and opened by Winston and LeMay, last Tuesday, for the six iron combination bridges over the Heart river were as follows: M. Lassig, of Chicago, sixteen separate bids ranging from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars for all the bridges. H. E. Horton, of Rochester, Minn., three bids ranging from twenty one to twenty-seven thousand dollars; Keystone Bridge Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., four bids ranging from thirty-one to thirty-six thousand dollars; Delaware Bridge Co., St. Louis, one of \$29,000; Delaware Bridge Co., New York, five bids from \$25,000 to \$30,000; The Detroit Bridge Co., Detroit, Mich., three bids from \$22,000 to \$25,000. The Delaware and Baltimore companies submitted superior plans with their bids. The total length of all the bridges is 970 feet. The false work on which these bridges will rest when in course of construction is now used as temporary bridges over which cars are running. The old survey contemplated 274 bridges on the Heart river. They were to have been pile bridges but the experience of this spring proves that pile bridges cannot be depended upon in the Heart, therefore the Sweet Briar line, reached through the big cut, was adopted which reduces the number of bridges from 274 to six, and shortens the line twenty-three miles besides, and these six bridges can be built for the cost of two miles of track, making, as Donnelly would say, an enormous saving. Lassig's twenty thousand dollar bid was accepted.

#### A Train of Palace Cars.

Tuesday evening a distinguished party of railroad people arrived on a pleasure trip through the Northwest. They left St. Paul Sunday evening and went up to Winnepeg and then back to Glyndon and on to Bismarck. Here they remained three hours, visiting the steamboat landing, supping at the Sheridan and scanning the town by lamp light. The cars carrying the party were the elegant parlor sleepers, Pacific and Columbia, of the Chicago & Rock Island, and the business car of the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis R.R. (the old West Wisconsin). They were the finest cars ever seen in this section and made a train that was worth seeing. In the party were H. H. Porter, President of the Chicago and Minneapolis R.R.; David Dows, of N. Y., a millionaire and Director of the Chicago and Rock Island; Hugh Riddle, of Chicago, a director of the same road; Hon. Philletus Sawyer, the well known politician of Oskosh, Wis.; R. P. Flower, Barlow Stevens and others of N. Y. City. There was also a fair sprinkling of ladies in the party.

#### Col. Jones' Body Recovered.

The body of Col. Jones was recovered within thirty feet of where he was drowned four weeks ago. His clothes were noticed hanging on a bush and upon closer investigation the sad story of his death was indisputably confirmed. The body was so badly decomposed that nothing could be done with it except burial on the spot. A memorandum will in his diary appoints Jno. W. Fisher his administrator and instructs him to send his personal effects to his mother in Portland, Maine, after all funeral expenses are paid.

#### Mining.

The crew on the Benton, struck for higher wages this morning and refused to allow men to take their places. Sheriff McKenzie went down and stopped the row.



## A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY DOCTOR SCOTT PARR.

I should have been better. I might have been worse. How much better, how much worse, the story will disclose.

I had just entered my seventh year when my father, M. Viele, gave me a new mother in the person of the handsome and imperious widow of one Colonel Lalor, and a brother in Mrs. Lalor's only child, a boy of twelve.

Albert Lalor, who with his handsome face, strong will and pleasant ways, soon became my master, ruling my impetuous spirit with a success that no one else could. Madame Viele looked on with a proud, self-satisfied smile, and more than once I heard her murmur in her sweet tones:

"They must marry, Philippe. Your Vi. must be my Albert's wife."

And my father would laugh and nod his head approvingly, evidently well pleased with the idea.

But these happy days slipped by all too rapidly.

It was near the close of a bleak winter day that I reached Gray Fell. But bleak as it was my handsome, stately stepmother met me on the steps of the great pillared portico.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, half under her breath, as she held me off a moment and keenly scrutinized me with her great, lustrous black eyes. Then a warm smile parted her lips, and kissing me tenderly she added:

"You are beautiful, my child—far more beautiful than I imagined. Albert will be charmed. Ah! a blush, dearest? You have not forgotten my old hope, then! But, come, come, dear, the air is bitterly keen."

And gathering up the shining length of her black satin she swept queen-like before me, pausing only long enough in the hall to allow a kindly word or two to the assembled servants.

Then, with a rare condescension she led me up stairs to my chamber.

As we entered the dressing room she glanced at the timepiece and turned to my maid.

"Take Mademoiselle's wraps, Manton," she said, quickly and imperiously, "and then lay out some of her handsomest dresses," adding, smilingly as her eyes returned to me. "I shall superintend your toilet this evening, my dear. Dinner will be served in less than an hour, and I want you to appear at your best when you descend to the drawing room. Albert shall be dazzled at first sight."

I blushed, and, with a low, happy laugh, she kissed me and patted my burning cheeks.

The business of the toilet concluded, Madame Viele stepped back and eyed me critically. A gloving smile directly attested her entire satisfaction; but she cried eagerly:

"You are glorious, Vi—simply glorious!—a very Eastern princess from your tawny head down to your fairy feet! That ruby velvet, with its rich laces, becomes your splendid brunette beauty rarely, while those creamy white roses adorn your dusky locks most faultlessly. Ah, child, I am proud of you! you are sure to charm my noble boy. But come, darling," she concluded hastily, "he returned from town some time ago; let us descend."

When we entered the brilliantly lighted drawing room it was tenanted by two persons—a handsome, kindly-looking man, whom I recognized at once as my step-brother, and a tall, slender girl with heavenly-blue eyes, pearly skin, and a shimmering crown of pale, golden hair.

A faint damask tinted the girl's cheek as we entered, and I noticed that the gentleman rose with suspicious haste from the chair very close to her own. I fancied, too, that he had even more hastily dropped one of the dainty white hands lying with a bunch of blue forget-me-nots that matched a tiny cluster half-hidden in the glossy gold of her lovely hair.

I had heard of this fair girl, and that her home would henceforth be at Gray Fell. But for the first time, it occurred to me that she might be destined to step between me and the man I had slowly learned to think of only too tenderly.

With a sharp, jealous pang I extended my hand to Albert Lalor, who had hastened to me, his fine eyes glowing with admiration and pleasure.

His greeting was cordial and evidently pleased his mother.

"But why don't you kiss her, my son, as in the old days?" she smiled gayly.

And, with an answering smile, Albert bent his grand head and pressed his bearded lips lightly to mine.

"Ah, what a charming blush!" laughed my stepmother, touching my glowing cheek caressingly with her soft, white fingers.

I smiled, but my heart throbbed painfully under the ruby velvet bodice that became me so well. Beneath the pressure of those bearded lips my wayward woman's heart had leaped from tenderness to a full, fierce, passionate love.

"I lifted my eyes, lustrous with the new-born feeling, to the handsome smiling face of my brother, and again, my heart swelled with jealous pain at the sight of its unruffled calm."

But the next moment Madame Viele claimed my attention.

"Vi, dearest, my great-niece, Peri Holbrook," she smiled.

I turned my eyes from Albert's face to meet the eager, half-afrighted gaze of the golden-haired girl I could not but admire.

I bowed, and somewhat coldly accepted the proffered hand, and answered the few musical words of gentle welcome. Then I involuntarily flashed a swift glance at Albert.

Ah! how the blood leaped through my veins! And how I hated the charming creature standing before me, so regally graceful and sweet. Yes, I hated her; for there could be no mistaking the brooding

tenderness and passion with which my stepbrother was regarding her.

But only for an instant did his eyes betray him; and as the pleasant hours of the evening flew by, I grew half-disposed to laugh at my jealous pain. Nevertheless, when my stepmother followed me to my room I smiled lightly.

"Peri is very lovely, mamma, and Albert seems to admire her."

Madame Viele turned a glance upon me that covered my face with a flood of color.

"Nay, nay," she laughed softly the next instant, winding her arms caressingly about me. "You have no cause for jealousy, my love. Albert is heart-whole, and knows well that it is my dearest wish to see him your husband. Knowing this," she added, with haughty sternness, he would not dare brave me by loving another." Then, with a swift return to her former tenderness, she continued: "My dear child, I trust you can make me happy by loving my handsome and noble son?"

I could not bear the gaze of her penetrating black eye, soft as it was, and my face dropped blushing to her friendly shoulder.

"I am eloquently answered, love," she whispered softly; "and let me say that, with your rare beauty and winning grace, you are sure to garner his whole heart. May Heaven bless you, my dear!"

Then as she kissed me good night, she cried earnestly:

"Don't rush into jealousy, Vi. Peri is a good and beautiful girl; but Albert gives her only cousinly affection. Though she is in no way dependent upon me pecuniarily, I promised her dying mother to give her a home at Gray Fell, as you know; and you can see, my love, how very unpleasant it would make it for you to brood over a foolish jealousy. So, dear, put all that nonsense out of your charming head and rest assured that I am right. My eyes are keen, and in the eighteen months she has been at Gray Fell must inevitably have penetrated a secret of that kind."

"Of course mamma is right," I murmured as the door closed on her imperial form, and I summoned Manton.

But my maid dismissed, I sat down in my dressing gown and stared at the glowing coals, my thoughts and feelings in an anxious whirl. After a time I rose, sighing impatiently.

"I can't sleep, I will go down and get a book."

With the words I crept out into the hall.

I had traversed half its length when the sound of stealthy steps on the stairs sent me with bated breath behind the heavy damask curtains of a window near me.

Burglars were in my mind, but I made no outcry. The next minute the steps paused a few feet from me and I was quickly undeceived.

A voice I well knew, murmured in hushed tones, "Don't grieve, my darling, it will all come right. Only be patient, my own."

And I felt more than heard the soft kiss that finished the sentence.

It was Peri's voice that answered.

"Oh, Albert! Albert!" she breathed, falteringly. "Where is it all to end? We have done very, very wrong, dearest. And oh, Albert, she loves you! I saw it in those great, passionate, dusky eyes of hers to-night, and in a vague terror of the future I stared almost wildly at her as Aunt Ray presented me."

"Nonsense! Do you want to make me vain?" laughed my stepbrother softly. And then he murmured in graver accents: "You say we have done wrong, darling. Remember that we had to choose between two evils. Remember that my mother possesses an iron will. She would have ground us both to powder rather than consent to what we—"

"Yes, yes, I know," sighed Peri, before he could finish the sentence I was panting to hear.

"Then cease to grieve, darling," he whispered. "And now, once more, good night."

And I knew he folded her close to his heart for a brief moment.

As their door closed noiselessly upon their retiring forms I crept weakly back to my chamber, pride, anger and despair clutching at my heart-strings.

With a stifled cry I flung myself passionately on the rug before the fire and buried my face in the tiger-skin covering—a pile of soft, yielding hassocks.

"Lost! lost to me!" I moaned in my fierce agony. And then starting upright, I panted with vengeful breath. "But what meant that unfinished sentence? Can they—"

And then I paused and stared breathlessly at the glowing coals.

"Ah!" I will watch! I will watch!" I muttered later.

And I shivered at the sound of my own low, relentless voice.

I did watch.

Madame Viele never dreamed of the task that engaged me; nor did the victims of my pride and love. I took care to be always gay and charming, so how could they suspect?

But something I marvelled my keen-eyed stepmother failed to observe Peri's pallor and evident sadness.

"Ah, well," I laughed, harshly, to myself, "she will see it all in good time, and then let them look to themselves!" So I silently shadowed the pair.

Night after night they stole an hour of blissful peace in the ante-room of the dim old library, and night after night I was ruthlessly on their track. But in vain I listened their fond speech. The unfinished sentence I had caught in the hall above remained unfinished.

But one wild, bleak night, a month later, my task was ended. With stifled breath I noiselessly crept from the library to my stepmother's chamber.

She sat in her dressing gown before the fire, lost in an enchanting book. At

my stealthy and unceremonious entrance she glanced up.

"Great Heavens!" she cried, dropping her book and staring at me in alarm.

"Are you ill, Vi?"

I laughed a harsh, short laugh.

"Only transformed into a Nemesis, mamma."

"A Nemesis!" echoed my stepmother in slow tones of profound amazement, the next instant adding impetuously, "You look like a beautiful spirit from Hades!"

I shrugged my shoulders with another harsh laugh.

"Come!" I said imperiously. Come and I will show you my Hades!"

She stared at me wonderingly, and half-shrunk as my icy little hand clasped hers.

"Softly, Madame!" I whispered as we left her room.

Directly she was standing at the slightly open door, at which I had so often stood.

I felt her nails sink deep in the palm of my hand as her blazing eyes rested on the scene beyond. I heard her breath come in swift angry gusts.

For a few minutes she stood thus. Then, dropping my hand, she flung back the door and swept into the dimly-lighted room.

The pair sitting so lovingly before the fire started to their feet, Peri with a sharp cry of anguish. Albert's first words were given to her:

"Be brave, my love!" he smiled down upon her in accents of melting tenderness.

But his lips were white and his eyes glowing.

"What means all this?" demanded Madame Viele, in awfully hushed tones, gazing from one to the other with an anger before which even my fierce spirit quailed.

"It means this, my mother," replied Albert, unflatteringly, as he stepped a pace forward and circled more closely the slender form of the pallid girl beside him. "It means that for three months Peri has been my wife—"

"Wife!" gasped my stepmother, staggering back as if she had received a blow. And then she screamed, pleadingly: "Not your wife, Albert?"

"Yes, mother, my wife," he returned, sadly and firmly, while great tears rolled over Peri's face. "We grieved to do it secretly, mother, but—"

"My stepmother lifted her hand. She had quite recovered herself now."

"Silence!" she commanded, in those awfully hushed tones. Ask no forgiveness! Ask no blessing! Peri, go! Leave this house, now and forever! Go, and may my curse follow you to the last hour of your life! Albert, you are my son! Go, or stay, as you will; but know that from this hour I never speak to you again. From this hour know your blessing my bitterest curse!"

"Mother!"

"Silence!" again commanded my stepmother in fearfully concentrated tones. "Go! Not a word! Put that creature forth at once!" pointing her white finger at Peri's bowed head.

"Say you forgive, mother," pleaded Albert. "Say—"

"Silence!" almost thundered Madame Viele, her face ghastly as the dead.

He turned away then.

"Come, my darling, we will go," he murmured with infinite tenderness to Peri. And catching up a cloak and hood she had cast there only a few hours before, he wrapped her tenderly in them and led her to the door.

There they paused and looked back at Madame Viele.

"Farewell, mother," they said, softly, "and Heaven forgive us and you!"

Madame gazed stonily at them without word or gesture, and they sighed and turned away.

Directly the hall door clanged heavily after them. As it did so my stepmother turned calmly to me:

"I am sorry for you, Vi," she said briefly, in stern, even tones. "Let us go to bed."

And with firm step and erect form she led me to my room. There she kissed me good-night, saying calmly as she closed the door:

"From this moment they are dead to us! Never mention their names again!" It was all over now. I had sated my vengeance.

"It was well!" I said as my head touched the pillow.

The days came and went. My stepmother was erect, cold and imperious as ever. Not by word, look or tone did she betray her secret suffering. But at the end of a year she had lost every vestige of youth and health. A pale, gaunt old woman, she sat in her easy chair now."

One morning she called me to her. It was on my nineteenth birthday.

Vi, she said, curiously, "it's all Dead Sea fruit!"

I gazed at her, dimly comprehending her meaning. Then she said:

"They have a little daughter, Vi, and they have named her after me!—Ray Lalor, Vi! Shall we have them back, Vi?"

She looked at me wistfully. There was a brief strife between the good and the evil, and then I replied:

"It is Dead Sea fruit, mamma. We will have them back. I can look upon Albert as my brother now."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Madame Viele.

And three days later Albert, Peri and the little Ray were established at Gray Fell.

A gentleman, who has just had a family tomb constructed, takes his wife to the cemetery, and she recoils with horror on beholding cut in the stone: "To the memory of my beloved wife—eternal regrets." "But I am not dead!" she cries. "I know it, darling, but I wish to please you by showing you what my affection would lead me to say when you die."

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## CHANCE.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,  
A look uncast or a thought unguessed,  
And souls that were kindred may live apart,  
Never to meet or know the truth,  
Never to know how heart beat with heart  
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt  
When she was a child, her tresses swept,  
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath  
She felt his breath, and her face blushed red  
With the passionate love that choked her  
breath,  
And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,  
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;  
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers  
At women and love in the open day,  
And at night-time kisses, with bitter tears,  
A faded fragment of the jasmine spray.

## Small Swindling.

Speaking of swindling, I think that New York can hold her own with any city on that score. It seems as though there was nothing too mean for men to resort to for the sake of gaining a dishonest livelihood. A lady told me, the other day, how near she had been to being swindled, and I will tell her story for the sake of other unfortunate. This lady, by the way, is one to whom poverty is something new, and she has not yet learned how to wrestle with it. Want stared her in the face, and she eagerly scanned the columns of a daily paper to see if there was anything to be had by which she could earn a little money. Her eyes alighted upon this advertisement: "Wanted—A lady to learn to color photographs. Lessons given and immediate work guaranteed. Wages, \$12 per week. Work may be done at home." Then the address of the advertiser was given. What could be more delightful? She immediately set out to answer it in person. In a mean little room on Broadway she found an unpleasant-looking man seated beside a desk strewn with circulars and letters, enclosing postage stamps. She stated her business, and the man replied very cordially, and told her that she must first buy a box of paints from him, which he would sell her for \$4.90, much less than she could buy them elsewhere. She had no money with her, so he said that it would do another time, only he would keep the paints until he received the bills. "Who will teach me to color the photographs?" she said. "I know nothing about it," he replied. "Just you buy the paints, take them home, and go to work." The lady left somewhat mystified, and told Anthony Comstock, the obscene literature fighter, who was her friend, all about it. "Don't you pay that rascal a penny," said Mr. Comstock. "Tell him that I will be responsible for the \$4.90. I guess he knows who I am." Sure enough, the lady went back next day and told the man that Anthony Comstock had promised to be responsible for her. At first the man thought she was joking, but when he found out that she was really in earnest, and that Anthony Comstock had heard of his tricks, he got rid of the lady as quickly and politely as he could. So she saved her \$4.90, which she could have ill-afforded to throw away. I wonder, though, how many less-fortunate women this fiend has swindled.

One of the most successful swindlers in New York is a girl not more than twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. She is humpbacked, but has a very sweet ladylike face, and works upon the sympathies of all with whom she comes in contact. She seems to be well educated and is certainly clever. Her dress is always in good taste, and she has not the appearance of a beggar. The way she manages is to find out the name of some one you know, and she makes a regular call upon you, as any lady might do, representing herself as the friend of your friend, who has requested her to call. She comes several times, and there is that about her that interests you at once. After you begin to know her quite well, she asks for money, but in the most delicate manner in the world. She is raising funds for a mission school, or she has a check to be cashed, and the banks are closed. Indeed, she is so clever about it that you never suspect a thing until you find that her visits cease after the money has been advanced. She completely fooled Dr. Holland some time ago. The doctor is one of the most tender hearted of men, and he had the greatest pity for the poor deformed creature, and gave her quite a little sum of money. I am sure he felt a great deal worse at his disappointment in the girl than in the loss of his money. He expostulated with her, and begged her to give up her swindling ways; but she positively refused. He went to her house, and found that she lived with her mother in very comfortable style, and all by the money she made by such nefarious means. During Mme. Modjeska's last visit to New York, this clever little adventuress called upon her, and said that she had just received a letter from some of Madame's friends in Cincinnati, who requested her to call. She came several times, and Mme. Modjeska, like all the others, became very much interested in her. One day she asked the actress for \$35, giving some good reason—I forget now just what it was. Madame did not have the amount in her pocket-book just then, so she told her to call in the afternoon, and she should have it with the greatest pleasure. I happened to call on Mme. Modjeska in the meantime, and she told me about this poor child who was in such difficulties. "Is she humpbacked?" I inquired. "Yes, poor thing, she is," replied the kind-hearted lady. "Then beware," said I, "for she is the biggest little fraud in New York," and I told Madame of her tricks. "I should rather have lost the thirty-five dollars, and been deceived," said she, "than to know that that young girl was an adventuress." Indeed, I had great difficulty in persuading Mme. Modjeska of her unworthiness, and even after she knew, she wanted to let her have the money. I do not suppose the girl was surprised when the money was not forthcoming. She probably supposed that she had been discovered, and started off for fresh fields.

You would be perfectly surprised to see the begging letters that are received by people before the public who are supposed to be rich. I think that Miss Kellogg gets some of the funniest I have ever seen. Not long ago, some woman from the West sent her the photograph of triplets she had given birth to. The children were about two years old, and sat in a row, with their arms and legs bare. The mother wanted Miss Kellogg to adopt one, and sent her the photograph that she might take her choice. Another letter was from a man, also in the West, enclosing the photograph of a little girl six years old. He had named her after Miss Kellogg, and wanted to know if the

prima donna would not set aside \$20,000 for her education in the English branches and ultimately for the operatic stage.—*Chr. Sat. Eve. Gaz.*

## Wit and Humor.

There was an old man in Montana.  
At one gulp tried to gorge a banana.  
It stuck in his throat.  
And he straightway did float  
To the beautiful land of Hosanna.

Youth is the wancy-age of life.  
Did you ever have a pig invite you to his house?

'Tis butter step from the cream pan to the churn.

Song of the dry goods clerk—"Swinging in delaine."

The 'airs in an opera singer's head are all numbered.

Dressmakers and butchers are ever weltering in gore.

A gambler would rather let you out than let you win.

A chattel mortgage is a lean and hungry "Cash-us."

When you want to raise the wind, the million-air is pretty nice.

Wine is the key which fits the padlock of a man's secrecy. So is beer.

Always keep your boots clean, for cleanliness is a divine attri-boot.

The man who was lost in slumber probably found his way out on a nightmare.

Landlords are loosing so much by their tenants that they ought to get up an insurance-rents company.

The force of habit made a Scranton barber ask while shaving a corpse, "Does the razor hurt?"

We know a fisherman who is said to be crazy, but we are prepared to prove that he is a seine man.

Speaking of generosity, you wouldn't call a man who had gouged a piece out of the bottom of his foot a whole sold fellow, would you?

Man can do many things, but there is one thing he cannot do; he can't button on a new collar, just after cutting his thumb-nails without looking up in the air.

"The reason I got my ears boxed," said Johnny, "was 'cause when the mother said a neighbor had borrowed a hen of her, I said the lent-hen season had arrived."

Little Nephew—"What are fowls, auntie?" Auntie—"Creatures with wings, dear, such as hens and ducks." Little Nephew—"Angels are fowls," too, aren't they, Auntie?"

Remark of severe parent to blooming daughter upon discovering the fact that one of the legs of the big chair in the parlor had been broken the Sunday evening previous: "I wish you to understand Susan, that this chair was constructed with a view to the accommodation of one person at a time, and has not the strength and scarcely the capacity for two."

A short time ago a little boy went with his father to see a colt. He patted the colt's head and made quite a fuss over it, until finally the stableman told him to be careful that the colt did not turn round and kick him. When the little chap went home, his father asked him what he thought of the colt. "I like him pretty well," was the reply. "He's real tame in front, but he's awful wild behind."

"I should like to have you raise a club," said a 7x9 book-cannasser to a daughter of Erin, as he stood on the front step trying to talk her to death on the subject of the "Extinction of the Tribes of the Seventh Century." "I will," said Biddy, as she reached around behind the door, "but bad luck to your picture if you are lingering around here when I get it raised."

Singularly, no one stood up when a wise man at a meeting in Williamston, N. Y., to adopt measures to find out who sets fire to buildings, suggested: "The shortest way to get at the root of the matter would be for the man who set fire to the building to rise up in the audience and own the whole thing."

## The Pig of the Pandora.

While at Igigtut (South Greenland cryolite mine), on our outward passage, the sailors bought a pig, which was petted to the last degree, and so jealous were they of his rights that the dogs were driven in all directions, that poor Dennis, as they christened the pig, might not be disturbed. The dogs made several attempts to attack this favored animal, but a constant lookout—such as one could never expect for ice, rock or land from any seamen on board—was kept, and the dogs were driven off at the moment when victory seemed certain. Pea-soup, broken biscuits, and slops of all kinds were given to the dainty animal, whereas if a dog attempted to ask for a share of the remains of the sailors' dinners he was scouted with derision. In fact, the pig was the pet of the ship, and the only thing worth navigating the Arctic Sea for. Finding that he was uncomfortable under the top-gallant forecastle, and liable to be disturbed by the chain running out when anchoring, or the water coming in at the hawse-pipe when at sea, a snug cask was found for him, and he was housed in with canvas and straw under the longboat. Never, I should think, had any other pig such comforts showered on him. But now came a change. Our decks became full of snow, and every thing froze. It was necessary to clear away the ice and dirt from Mr. Pig's sty as well as from the other part of the ship, and to do this involved an amount of scraping which was not agreeable to his former friends, and with the decision and readiness in meeting difficulties for which the sea-man is so preeminent, the pig was condemned to death without remorse or apology. In fact, from that moment he was a nuisance, and only fit to be killed and eaten; his throat was cut by his dearest friends, and he was eaten for dinner on the 7th of September, having died only at 10 A. M.—

## A Battle in a Printing Office.

A letter from St. Petersburg to the New York Herald gives details of the descent by the police of Kief upon a secret Nihilist printing office at that place and the fearful struggle which followed. The letter says: "The policemen went in by the way indicated for the use of the inmates of the house, but were fired at the moment they made their appearance. Seeing themselves in the midst of some dozen resolute and armed youths the policemen thought it prudent to retire, and went to the nearest police station for reinforcements. The Nihilists had no time to remove anything and did not choose to give them over to the police cheaply. They lost no time in getting up a plan of action and of defence against the expected attack. Thirty-four policemen returned. Some were stationed around the house as outposts and the rest went directly in by the gates of the yard, which had a two storied house on the right hand and one on the left. All the windows on the second floors, as well as the roofs of the two houses, were occupied by armed students, who welcomed the police with a sweeping volley of bullets. Three policemen fell dead on the spot; the rest retired for consultation. They determined to enter the house, intending to fall upon the Nihilists who remained down stairs in charge of the books and the presses. And here, in a large room, was enacted a fearful scene. The fight became general, and the result was as follows: On the side of the police four men received light wounds, three were seriously injured and four killed on the spot. The losses on the side of the Nihilists were, it seems, still greater—four young girls, students of the university, and three students killed, while all the others were wounded and finally arrested by the police. The police seized the printing press and a great number of interdicted books of foreign publication. How many people were arrested in all I do not know, as the number of political prisoners is not fully given by the official reports.

But the affair did not end here. Simultaneously two other girls and several men were arrested in the neighborhood of the printing office. Then a Mlle. Herzfeld was arrested—a daughter of a General Herzfeld, who occupies a high position in St. Petersburg, being a member of the State Council. The young and renowned Countess Panin, belonging to one of the oldest Russian families, was also taken. Her step-mother is reported to be still one of the *dames d'honneur* of the empress, and her great grandfather was second Chancellor of State in the time of Catherine the Great. I am told that both young ladies were taken in the act of firing at the police with their revolvers. It is not to be wondered at that girls of high families are found involved in such disturbances. The women of Russia have repeatedly taken part in the manifestations of national aspirations, as for instance, Martha Possadniza, of Novgorod; the Princess Sophia; Peter the Great's enterprising sister, and others. Russian ladies in the olden times of domestic seclusion could not be kept wholly from taking an active part in the popular movements and nowadays they take a lively share in all that concerns their husbands and brothers, and are quite ready to support them when the occasion comes.

## The Lost Haversack.

"The bravest are the tenderest—  
The loving are the daring."  
Of all the men that served, under the Stars and Stripes during the war of the Rebellion, none were more thoroughly in earnest or more truly loyal to the Union than those recruited in Western Virginia. The war was terribly real to them. Not one but had a brother, a friend or a neighbor on the other side, with whom he had fought out the question in words long before arms were taken up. They felt that it was a personal quarrel. They were terrible fellows to fight, although frightfully lax in discipline. Their officers—those that were wise—took them for what they were, appreciated their fighting qualities, and soon ceased to worry about their lack of discipline. What mattered it if they were not exact in matters of salutes to their superiors? They were prompt to obey when duty called, as brave as lions in the face of the enemy, and kindness itself to those who understood and appreciated them. One day, a command made up mainly of rough but manly fellows of this sort had a fight with the enemy, and captured a large number of prisoners. That night captives and captors bivouacked on the battle-field, and the next day began their march to the rear, where the prisoners were to be handed over for shipment North. Towards noon a rebel officer beckoned to his side the major commanding the escort. "Last night he said, 'while I was asleep, my haversack was stolen. I know what war is, and I accept its fortune, good or bad. That haversack contained several things that I value—one that I prize as I do my life—the portrait of a lady.' And then, glancing back at the rough cavalymen, he added, sorrowfully, 'I suppose there is small chance of getting it again.' 'I'll see,' said the major. The command was marching 'by fours' in four lines word was passed from front to rear, each man communicating with the comrade next behind him. Within ten minutes a sergeant rode up to the major and handed him a package. The major took it to the prisoner. "Open this," he said. There was the portrait, uninjured, and with it a bundle of letters, upon which the owner had written a request that it should be destroyed unopened in the event of his death. The seal was unbroken.

Ten to one that the woman who says your children are not 'half raised' raises her own youngsters by the ears.

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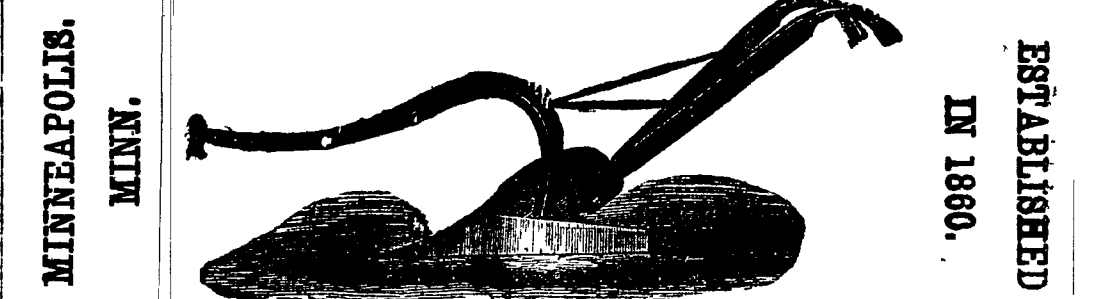
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We give the following warranty with each wagon:

WE HEREBY WARRANT the FISH BROS. WAGON No. .... to be well made in every particular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list, will be paid in cash, by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.

Racine, Wis., Jan. 1, 1878. { TITUS G. FISH, } FISH BROS. CO.  
EDWIN B. FISH,  
JNO. C. HUGGINS,

Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States, and for Prices and Terms, send for a copy of our AGRICULTURAL PAPER to

## FISH BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.







## REGULAR RIVER REVIEW.

### STROLLS ON THE LEVEE AND NOTES FROM OTHER POINTS.

The Storm and Wind Delay Several Steamers and the Arrivals and Departures Are Not Large.

**ARRIVALS.**  
Benton, Fort Benton.  
Rosebud, Coal Banks.  
Far West.  
Western, Fort Custer.  
Helena, Sioux City.  
Eclipse, Standing Rock.

**DEPARTURES.**  
Montana, Fort Benton.  
Western, Yankton.  
Helena, Fort Keogh.  
Eclipse, Standing Rock.

The Fontenelle and Peninah will both arrive from Benton next week.  
The Butte, of the Benton Line, from Benton, is expected here Monday.  
The Str. Red Cloud is expected to-morrow and will leave for Fort Benton Tuesday, June 17th.

The Nellie Peck will arrive to-day from Fort Keogh and leave to-morrow for Sioux City.

The Helena, of the Benton Line made the run from here to Buford with 250 tons in two days and 23 hours.  
She placed steamer, Carrier, will leave here again for Fort Benton. She is coming up from Sioux City with Benton line freight.

The Str. Eclipse, Capt. Geo. D. Moore, arrived from Fort Benton with seventy-five head of cattle and a large quantity of dry hides.

The Str. Rosebud will arrive this evening from the Coal Banks and will immediately load for Terry's Landing and way points on the Yellowstone river.

Steamer Black Hills, of the Coulson Line, left Yankton on the 8th, bound for Big Horn depot on the Yellowstone river. She will arrive here on the 16th.

The Str. Far West from Fort Benton, arrived this morning and is busy reloading for Fort Benton and Coal Banks and will depart Monday on arrival of train.

The Str. Montana got off for Fort Benton Tuesday morning on her second trip with 375 tons of freight and 12 head of sheep, two horses and thirty passengers.  
The Str. Eclipse, of the Coulson Line, Capt. Geo. D. Moore, departed for Standing Rock on Monday evening carrying over 200 tons of government freight for that post. She returned Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 p. m. She will load for Fort Benton.

St. Louis Transfer. The transfer steamer Northern Pacific, built by Capt. Bill Hambleton, at Monmouth City, to be used in transferring cars at Bismarck, was moved Friday, and towed to St. Louis by the E. M. Morton. She now lies above the bridge.

Gen. C. H. Tompkins, Deputy, Q. M. Gen. U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Tompkins and Capt. Ed Smith, were passengers on the Montana. This magnificent steamer with 35 tons besides horses and other stock on board was drawing but three and a half feet of water. Her commander, Capt. Ed Smith, says that the steamer is fast and handles well and that she is an entire success. The Montana was greeted on her arrival at Benton with the firing of a salute in honor of the name she bears. She will leave Bismarck on her trip for Fort Benton July 1st.

**WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT.**

Bismarck, D. T., June 14, 1879.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer.	30.35	29.54	29.95
Thermometer.	81	46	63.5
Humidity (Rel.)	100	31	69.3
Wind's hourly velocity.	32	calm	
Wind's prevalent direction.	W.		
Wind's total movement.	1502 miles.		
Barograph.	30.3		
Lunar Halo.	0		
Solar Halo.	0		

Note: Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.  
C. CHAMBERLAIN,  
Obs. Signal Corps U. S. A.  
Office, U. S. Mil. Tel. Station.

**Bismarck Retail Market.**

Prize's Four A. Flour	4 00
Best of Moorhead Flour	3 75
Prize White Flour	3 50
Superior North Pacific Flour	3 75
Oats per 100 lbs.	2 00
Barley per 100 lbs.	2 50
Potatoes per bushel	1 00
New Potatoes per bushel	5 00
Choice dairy packed butter	25
Cheese per doz.	15
Country Lard per 100 lbs.	12 1/2
Country	11
Breakfast Bacon	12 1/2
Cigar Soda	10
Chamberlains per peck	75
Corn per bushel	1 50
Best Cutlery per set	4 00
Val per 100 lbs.	7 1/2
Potatoes per bushel	1 50
Common Sugar per bushel	12 1/2
Wheat Flour per sack	10 00
Station per bushel	15 1/2
Maple per 100 lbs.	12 1/2
Corn per 100 lbs.	2 60
Val per 100 lbs.	9 60
New Hay per ton	8 00
Sugar Standard A per lb.	12
Sugar Standard B per lb.	13
Coffee per 100 lbs.	25
Chico - 1 lb.	25
Japan Tea per lb.	65 00
Green Imperial	75 00
English Breakfast Imperial Black	1 00
Apple Sausages per gal.	75
New Canned Apples	12 1/2
Delic. Baked Apples	20
Tobacco Leaf and Plug per lb.	75
Prize Smoking per lb.	75
Rice per 100 lbs.	30
Canned p. e. e.	20
Columbian Laundry Soap	08
Chico per 100 lbs.	15 00
Kerosene per gal.	1 00
Lard Oil	1 00
Lard Oil	1 00

### A Pen Worth Recommending.

We have been favored with samples of the celebrated Spencer's Double Elastic Steel Pens, and after trying them we feel justified in highly recommending them to our readers. They are made of the best steel, and by the most expert workmen in Europe, and have a national reputation for certain desirable qualities which no other pens seem to have attained in so great perfection, among which are uniform evenness of point, durability, flexibility, and quick action. It is thus quite natural that the Spencerian should be preferred and used by professional men, in business colleges, counting rooms, government offices, public schools, and largely throughout the country. Indeed, so popular have they become, that of the "Number One" alone, as many as eight millions are sold annually.

The Spencerian Pens may be had, as a rule, from any dealer, but when thus not obtainable, the proprietors, Messrs. Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., the well-known publishers, 138 & 140 Grand Street, New York, will send for trial, sample of each of the twenty numbers on receipt of twenty-five cents.

**RESOLUTION.**  
The City Council of the City of Bismarck do resolve:  
That it is deemed necessary to open the alley way in Block Sixty-Eight (58) of the City of Bismarck, and annex a majority of the resident owners of the property liable to taxation therefor shall file with the City Clerk of said city within twenty days after the last publication of this resolution their protest against such improvement, said alley way shall be opened.  
Approved June 18, 1879.  
GEORGE PEOPLES, Mayor.  
Attest: H. O'SHEA, Clerk.

## STEAMBOAT COLUMN.

### BENTON LINE.

Gen'l Office, 193 S. Water-st. Chicago.  
T. C. POWER, Gen. Manager,  
JOS. McGARRY, Supt.  
J. C. BARR, General Agent.

### BENTON HELENA and BUTTE.

One of this Line of Steamers leaves BISMARCK for FORT BENTON on the 9th and 24th of each month. Passengers from the East buying tickets over the Benton Line can save time by making sure connections on above dates.

The Fast and Elegant Steamer

### BENTON,

Leaves for Ft. Benton on arrival of train, Saturday June 14th.

### STEAMER

### BUTTE

JAMES McGARRY, Master  
JAMES KEENAN, Clerk

Leaves for Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone, June 17th

For freight or passage apply on board or to

J. C. BARR, Gen'l Agent, Sheridan House.

1879. OLD RELIABLE 1879.

### Coulson Line

S. B. COULSON, D. W. MARATTA, Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Supt.

Plying between Bismarck and Fort Benton; and all points on the Yellowstone. The only line carrying the U. S. Government

Freights.

Comprising the following first class steamers, built expressly for the Missouri river and in charge of careful and experienced officers.

MONTANA,	Buison,	Master.
ROSE BUD,	Todd,	"
BIG HORN,	Gould,	"
DACOTA,	Todd,	"
KEY WEST,	Maratta,	"
JOSEPHINE,	Anderson,	"
FAR WEST,	Coulson,	"
WESTERN,	Bryan,	"
BLACK HILLS,	Burleigh,	"

Connecting at Bismarck with trains for St. Paul and the East, and with the Northwestern Stage Company's coaches for all points in the Black Hills

Leaves on Tuesday, June 17th, for Fort Benton, Steamer

### FAR WEST.

Leaves Sunday evening, June 18th, for Fort Custer and all way points, Steamer

### ROSE BUD

For information, rates, etc., apply at the company's office or on board steamer.

D. W. MARATTA, General Superintendent.

### BAKER LINE

FOR

### FORT BENTON.

The Fast and Elegant Passenger Steamer

### RED CLOUD,

JNO. A. WILLIAMS, Master.

L. L. HINE, Clerk.

Leaves Bismarck for Fort Benton,

TUESDAY, JUNE 17.

For Freight or Passage apply on board or to

JAS. S. CARTER, Agent, Bismarck, Dakota.

### The Northwest Transportation Co.

The Light Draft Steamer

### NELLIE PECK

Will leave for Sioux City to-morrow, June 14.

For freight or passage apply to

JAS. A. EMMONS, Agent.

1879. ATTRACTIVE 1879.

### Excursion Route

TO

### Lake Superior.

THE

### Michigan & Lake Superior Transportation Co.

Composed of the Elegant Passenger Steamers.

"Peerless," "City of Duluth,"

"City of Fremont" and "Jas. L. Hard."

Will run during the season of navigation, 1879, from

### CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE

TO

### DULUTH.

Touching at the intermediate ports of Port Washington, Sheboygan, Manitowish, Mackinaw, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, L'Anse-au-Loup, Hancock, Eagle River, Eagle Harbor, Copper Harbor, Ontonagon, Ashland, Bayfield and Prince Arthur's Landing, connecting at Duluth with the St. Paul & Duluth and the Northern Pacific railroads for all points in Minnesota, Manitoba and Black Hills, and at Ashland with the Wisconsin Central railroad for Chicago, Milwaukee and all points East and Southeast.

The steamers of this line are fitted, found and offered with special reference to the comfort and safety of passengers, and will during the summer season give a series of

### GRAND EXCURSION TRIPS.

Quick Dispatch and Low Rates on Freight.

These steamers will make semi-weekly trips, leaving the company's dock, 74 Market street, Chicago, at 8 o'clock p. m., and from Milwaukee on the following mornings.

For passage, freight or information apply to the following agents:

Leopold & Austrian, Milwaukee, Wis.; Julius Austrian, St. Paul, Minn.; D. A. Christie, Duluth, Minn.; F. B. Spear, Marquette, Mich.; J. Hoar, Jr., Houghton, Mich.; John Trelease, general agent, Hancock, Mich., or at the office of the company, 74 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

JOSEPH AUSTRIAN, Gen'l Manager.  
C. F. A. SPENCER, Sec'y and Treas.

## THE TRIBUNE

### JOB OFFICE, CLOTHING HOUSE,

M. H. JEWELL, Proprietor.

THE ONLY

### FIRST-CLASS OFFICE

WEST OF ST. PAUL.

NEW TYPE and NEW DESIGNS.

Legal and Book Printing a Specialty. Special Attention Paid to Steamboat Orders.

Call and Examine New Stock.

LOUNSBERRY & BENTLEY,

DEALERS IN

### Real Estate

Tribune Block,

Bismarck, D. T.

AGENTS FOR

The sale of city lots, cultivated farms and wild lands North

Pacific Preferred Stock, Sioux Scrip, Soldiers Additional

Homesteads, etc., located or supplied; personal examinations of

lands made. Will file Soldiers' Declarations, pay

taxes, furnish abstracts, place loans, etc. The best of

Michigan, Minnesota and Dakota references given upon application.

NOTICE THE FOLLOWING:

FOR SALE.—An improved farm of 160 acres, with 60 acres broken; good house and stable; one mile from the Sheridan House. Price \$1,750.

FOR SALE.—An improved farm of 120 acres, with eleven acres fenced; log house and stable about two miles from Bismarck. Price \$1,200.

FOR SALE.—An improved farm of 160 acres, about two miles from Bismarck; twenty acres broken; log buildings. Price, \$1,600.

FOR SALE.—Sections 27 and 33, township 130, range 79; about six miles from Bismarck; both unimproved, but beautiful land. Price, \$5 per acre.

FOR SALE.—320 acres of excellent land, 14 miles from Bismarck. Terms, half cash and balance at interest on time to be agreed upon. Price, \$10 per acre.

FOR SALE.—Six acres close the city limits, with valuable quarry of Sand-stone on it. Price, \$25 per acre.

FOR SALE.—A good new house of four rooms and woodshed, with twelve lots and the whole enclosed with a good fence; two cellars, stable for fourteen head of stock; barn with hay loft, and a good well of water. The property insured for three years. Price \$1,500; \$1,000 cash, balance on one year's time. 38

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A new 1 1/2 story frame house with excellent cellar, good well of water, stabling for 18 head of stock, and two lots fenced up with good fence. Three blocks from depot. Price \$1,200 if sold soon; if not sold it will be rented at \$20 per month. 35

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A comfortable new house and one lot in the central part of the city. Price, \$400.

FOR SALE.—Lots 17 and 18 in block 75, city proper. Will be sold cheap if taken soon.

SOLDIERS' additional homestead scrip on hand at \$3.25 per acre. This scrip has all been approved by the Land Commissioner at Washington, and is the best kind of land scrip in the market, as title can be had at once with improvement.

### ICE CREAM, FRESH FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, ETC,

And all of the Latest Newspapers at the

### ICE CREAM PARLORS,

Bismarck Dakota.

C. A. HARNOIS.

CHERE.—You can make money by selling our Sterling Chemical Wicks—Never needs trimming—No smoke or smell—10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents. Send stamp for catalogue of Wonderful Inventions, staple and fancy goods. Parsons, Foster & Co., 125 Clark St., Chicago.

## ST. PAUL BRANCH

### Special Announcement next week

Bismarck, D. T.

SIG HANAUER, Prop.

### Special Bargains.

Special Bargains.

AT

### DAN. EISENBERG'S,

A NEW SUPPLY OF

### SPRING GOODS,

Just Received, Consisting of

### DRY GOODS,

LADIES' AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Notions, Etc.

CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

MANDAN COLUMN.

### STOVES

FROM \$12 UPWARD,

(St. Paul Prices)

BY

### BUSH & McBRATNEY

Have one of the

BEST SALOONS IN MANDAN.

FRESH MILWAUKEE BEER

Constantly on Hand.

Only the best brands of Cigars, etc., sold.

W. C. DAVIE'S

### CHEAP CASH STORE,

Mandan, D. T.

An Elegant Assortment of

### CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Notions and Stationery.

Cigars and Tobaccos

Always on hand. 3tf

ICE! ICE! ICE!

500 TONS OF ICE.

Largest Ice House in the City.

Mr. Chas. Knipitz wishes to inform the citizens of Bismarck that he is prepared to deliver ice to any part of the city.

During the Entire Season

AT THE

Lowest Reasonable Rates.

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intermediate points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days. Stages will leave Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a. m.

For Express, Passage or Freight apply to

Geo. E. REED, agent, at U. S. Express office, 5th

Or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

10,000 NAMES

For 25 names and 25 cents we will send you a fine silk handkerchief, every thread silk, regular price \$1.00. G. W. Foster & Co., 125 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. 41

### WANTED

ONE SALESMAN for each State. Salary from \$75 to \$100 per month and expenses. References required. LA BELLE MFG CO., 93 Clark Street, Chicago.

WM. GLITSCHKA—Groceries and Provisions. Flour, Feed, &c. Agent for Minneapolis Soap. Main St opposite post office.



## MEMORIES OF THE OLD KITCHEN.

Far back in my musings, my thoughts have been cast to the cot where the hours of my childhood were passed; I love all the rooms to the pantry and hall, But that blessed old kitchen was dearer than all. Its chairs and its tables, none brighter could be. For all its surroundings were sacred to me—To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door, And I loved every crack in the old kitchen floor.

I remember the fireplace, with mouth high and wide, The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side, Out of which each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies, That fairly bewildered and dazzled my eyes. And then, too, Saint Nicholas, slyly and still, Came down every Christmas, our stockings to fill; But the dearest of memories I've laid up in store, Is the mother that trod on that old kitchen floor. Day in and day out, from morning till night, Her footsteps were busy her heart always light; For it seemed to me, then, that she knew not a care. The smile was so gentle her face used to wear; I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes. When she told us the stories that children so prize; They were new every night, though we'd heard them before. From her lips at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the window, where mornings I'd run As soon as the daybreak to watch for the sun; And I thought when my head scarcely reached to the sill, That it slept through the night in the trees on the hill. And the small tract of ground that my eyes there could view, Was all of the world that my infancy knew. Indeed, I cared not to know of it more, For a world of itself was that old kitchen floor. To-night those old visions come back at their will. But the wheel and its music forever are still; The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away, And the fingers that turned it lie mould'ring in clay; The hearthstone, so sacred, is just as 'twas then, And the voices of children ring out there again; The sun through the window looks in as of yore, But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

I ask not for honor, but this I would crave, That when the lips speaking are closed in the grave, My children would gather theirs round by their side, And tell of the mother who long ago died; 'Twould be more enduring, far dearer to me, Than inscription on marble or granite could be. To have them tell often, as I did of yore, Of the mother who trod on the old kitchen floor.

Anonymous.

## When the Ship Comes In.

A sweet-faced woman and a sweet-faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery, in the real lace collar, relics of better days, perhaps, the pearl ear-rings and the neat gloves. The child is neatly dressed, too, as she clasps the woman's hand, looks love at her guardian. But the woman's face is not at its best now; a careworn look, and a faint wrinkle upon the pale forehead that ages her and lessens the charm of her features. She is inquiring of the lockmen, of the stevedores, of the loungers about the wharves, whether the brig Good Luck has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager question, for the brig Good Luck has been lost a month ago, dashed on a lee shore, and ground to pieces by the sea, and will never come in—never—never more.

If they told her, she wouldn't believe them, for the woman and her child have supreme faith that the brig Good Luck will come in soon with cargo and crew, though they have been asking the same question and same prayer for many and many a day.

Then she goes across the street and winds her way along the bales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bluster of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig owners have their office. They are used to seeing her. They smile sadly when she enters with the child, and look significantly at one another, as much as to say: "Poor thing! she's mad. No wonder, no wonder!"

Mad? Yes, she is mad with "hope deferred," with anxiety to meet her husband, Caleb Shelter, master of the brig Good Luck; to meet the master of the brig, her husband and the father of her child. Why does he stay away from her so long?

"Is the Good Luck in yet?" she asks of a clerk.

"Not yet, ma'am."

"She is expected, of course, to-day?"

"Of course."

"There's a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look! Look!" pointing out of the office window to the river front. "Maybe that's it! Ellie, dear, look! there's father's vessel, with father on board!"

The child clasps her little hands at the sight.

"Sorry to say that ain't it ma'am," says the clerk, relapsing into his calculations and paying no more attention to the woman.

She stares out of the open window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face, and a moan that is heart-rendering, says:

"No, Ellie, no! That is not the Good Luck. I see the figure head. The figure head of Good Luck is an angel; a white and gold angel. No, no! that isn't."

"But papa will soon come home, won't he mamma?" whispered the child.

Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment, here gave her a kiss. "A bright, pretty little dear, Mrs. Shelter."

"She looks pale," said the mother.

"She is tired; she has been walking too much." The old gentleman sits down and lifts the little girl on his knee and kisses her.

She winds her arms about his neck and exclaims:

"You tell my papa to come soon, won't you?"

"Yes, dear."

It was the habit of this firm to pay a sort of pension monthly to the widows of captains who were lost in their service. It was not much of a stipend, being only half-pay, but it was certainly the blessing in very many cases. Mrs. Shelter had always received her husband's money here, while he was at sea, or it was sent to her when she was sick or the weather was bad.

"Ah, Mr. Tawman, I'm sure the Good Luck will be in to-day."

"Certainly it will. What's to hinder it?" he answers.

He puts the child down and goes over to his desk, and unlocking his drawer he takes out an account book and begins writing a receipt. Then goes over into the cashier's room. While he is there the telegraph clerk calls him over.

Click, clickity click! goes the magic instrument repeating its dot and message.

"Hear that? says the operator. 'That's news for you!' The proprietor could read every word by its sound."

"It's like a message from God," says Mr. Tawman, reverently. "I must not tell her."

He comes back to where the woman is sitting, his face is flushed with emotion; some strange excitement. He throws in to her lap a bundle of bank notes.

"There, Mrs. Shelter, now go home. Take a car at the door."

"Oh, I'm not tired. And I should like to be here when the brig comes in. But I thank you so much, so much."

"Here, little one," says the good-hearted Tawman, "here's something for you to buy candies with." He puts into her tiny outstretched hand a bright quarter of a dollar, and laughs at the wonder and delight of the little recipient.

"I'll keep this for my papa."

Poor little thing, she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an instant.

"Now, Mrs. Shelter, you've had no dinner," says Tawman.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-day. Go down with Mr. Pelton, there, our young man, and get something to eat. You see we have arrangements for the comfort of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good dinner too. There's nobody there."

"Go down there and ask the waiter, George," addressing Mr. Pelton, whom he had summoned, "to give this good lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken, and all that." Then, pausing a moment, as if propriety and philanthropy are struggling for mastery in his mind.

"No, no, George. Tell Henderson to send the dinner up into the room here, that's better!" The young man leaves the room. Then Mr. Tawman enters the office again and consults the operator.

"Send this message at once, Mr. Lind-say, if you please." He writes something, and the operator clicks it off at once. It's a long message, a very long message, indeed; but the President's message itself is not half so important, so interesting to those whom it concerns.

Then by the time the message is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Tawman's private office, when Mrs. Shelter partakes of it, but does not think proper to waken the weary child that she may eat also.

Then Mr. Tawman says: "Now, you had better go. I'll see to the child: I'll bring the little girl up with me to-night."

"No, no!" exclaimed the mother. I must have my Ellie with me always, sir. You are very good, though, sir; so very good! And is there no news of the Good Luck?"

"Not a word, I am sorry to say."

"It can't be possible. The brig must come in to-day."

"I'm sure I hope so, with all my heart and soul, Mrs. Shelter."

"I know you do," she responded with a sigh.

"Now go. I'm sorry you have to waken the child, but I suppose you can't help it."

"Come, Ellie," says the mother, touching her lightly on the shoulder.

The child with a start awakens and cries, "Is it my papa? Dear, dear papa!"

Then, seeing her disappointment, she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear, don't cry. The brig will come in. 'Don't cry!' The good old man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother, catching her hand, walks slowly and sadly away, followed by Mr. Tawman, who lifts the little girl down and helps both her and her mother into a car.

The next morning the woman is again loitering about the wharves with the same agonized inquiry. She again puts the question to the wharfman, and again only receives the same answer. Then, as before she seeks the office of the brig owners, still accompanied by the little girl, and asks:

"Has the brig Good Luck come in yet?"

"Not yet, ma'am."

She sighs and looks out of the window at the shipping. She says she will wait for Mr. Tawman, and sits down.

When Mr. Tawman comes in, as usual, he greets her very kindly, kisses the little girl and says:

"I'm sorry the brig isn't in yet."

"Will it be in to-day?"

"I hope so." And he goes behind his desk and looks over his letters. He has not long been engaged in his correspondence when a scream from the woman startles him.

She has risen and is pointing excitedly out of the window.

"Here is a ship coming in, look! look!" "That's not it," says a clerk, "that's a schooner."

"Oh no!" adds Mr. Tawman; "that's not the Good Luck."

"It is! It is!" She darts from the office, dragging the child after her, runs across the bustling wharf out to the very edge of the water.

"Mr. Tawman rushed to the window, opens it, and calls to her. To no purpose, however. All the clerks cluster about the window to catch her.

"The woman is mad!" says one, "She is going to drown herself."

Tawman says quietly to the telegraph operator:

"It's the Mary."

The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She is making preparations to anchor in the stream opposite the wharf. All this time Mrs. Shelter is standing in the midst of a crowd of excited people waving her handkerchief, and the little girl is waving hers.

Look! look! there! There's a man over-board!" cried one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Tawman, thoroughly aroused. "What does that mean?"

"He's swimming like a fish," says a clerk.

"He has landed. Hark at the cheers!"

"Look! look!" shouted the operators. "She is hugging him; so is the little girl. It's Captain Shelter!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Tawman, "and pray heaven she may not sink under the shock. Poor woman. How she clings to the drenched man. Dear! dear!"

Then he puts on his hat and runs down the steps like a boy, and darts over to where husband and wife and child are united and happy.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking the captain by the hand, and not caring for the gaping and wondering crowd all around him; "this is good luck, isn't it, eh? Did you get my telegram?"

When the man can speak he answers: "Yes."

"I planned it all!" chatters old Tawman. "You see I got a dispatch yesterday that the brig would come in, and come in it did. Over to the office, every one of you, and after dinner and dry clothes, cap, we'll have a talk about business. Come on."

## The Ocean Floor.

Here is an end of all romance about hidden ocean depths. We can speculate no longer about pearls, or mermaids, heaped treasures, and dead men's bones whitening the coral caves. The report of the exploring expedition sent out from London in H. M. S. "Challenger" has lately been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and floors of the four great oceans of the world. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the middle running parallel with the American coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies a submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomable depths." The tops of these sea-mountains are two miles below a ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, fifteen miles, which is deep enough drowning, if not for mystery. The mountains are whitened for a thousand miles by a tiny creamy shell. The depths are red in color, heaped with volcanic matter. Through the black, motionless waters of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures, which never rise to the upper currents.

There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world by which these scientific deep-sea sounding throw a curious light. Plato and Solon recorded the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind, which, by volcanic action, was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the fast of Izeall the frightful catastrophe which destroyed the land with its stately cities. De Bourgong and other archaeologists assert that this lost land extended from Mexico beyond the West Indies. The shape of the plateau discovered by the "Challenger" corresponds with this theory.—*Noah's Sunday Times.*

## Instinct or Reason.

A small English terrier belonging to a friend has been taught to ring for the servant. To test if the dog knew why it rang the bell, he was told to do so while the girl was in the room. The little fellow looked up in the most intelligent manner at the person giving the order (his master or mistress, I forget which), then at the servant, and refused to obey, although the order was repeated more than once. The servant left the room, and a few minutes afterward the dog rang the bell immediately on being told to do so. I give the following as told by my wife, now dead, who personally witnessed the transaction on various occasions. At her sister's house in Kent a donkey which, when not employed by the children, grazed in a field with some cows, was in the regular habit of acting as follows: At the usual hour for the cows to come home to be milked the donkey lifted the latch of the field gate, opened and held back the gate (which otherwise would have swung close again) till all the cows passed out, then allowed the gate to shut, and went home with the cows. Of course no one taught the donkey to do this, but the quadruped gave the biped a practical lesson, from which I am not aware that they drew the abstract verbally formulated conclusion that reason may be exercised without rhetoric.—*Nature.*

They say a strong grasp of the hand betokens a strong heart. What a magnificent heart a lobster must have.

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Granite, Iron, and Pressed Tinware, Lamps and Lamp Goods, Iron, Steel and Nails. Wooden Ware, Cordage, Building Paper, etc. In fact everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store. A complete line of

## COOK & PARLOR STOVES,

All of which we will sell at reduced prices. An examination of our stock and prices is solicited.

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## AND FEED,

Corner 3d and Meigs Sts., BISMARCK, D.T



# HOUSE, FARM AND GARDEN.

## Profitable Farming.

The most vital question affecting the farmer is how to make farming profitable. Especially is this felt in the depressed condition of our markets at the present time, when produce of all kinds does not pay the cost of production. Below we give a condensed summary of the more prominent causes affecting the condition of the agricultural class. We do not propose to present to readers all the causes affecting the successful outcome of the farm, but rather to point out the more important and prominent ones. We call particular attention to the following:

1. The enormous loss which many farmers sustain from the neglected condition of the manure piles.
2. From the exposure of farm machinery to the inclemencies of the weather.
3. From the loss which is sustained keeping more animals than the owner can properly provide food and shelter for.
4. From raising scrubby and indifferent animals, when good ones could be raised at the same cost and twice the profit.
5. Tilling more land than can be properly cultivated, thereby raising on two acres that which might be more profitably raised on one.
6. Making specialties of certain crops, to the ultimate exhaustion of the soil.
7. From disposing of the crops in the condition in which they are raised, instead of converting them into beef, pork or mutton.
8. In neglecting properly to attend to the little details of the farm.
9. In not keeping a strict account of the transactions of the farm.
10. In not using proper judgment in disposing of the produce of the farm and the purchasing of machinery and other necessities.
11. Purchasing provisions which should be raised at home.
12. In not having machinery enough to properly harvest and save the crop.

We believe that failure to make farming profitable may be traceable to one or several of the above causes, which a little study and forethought will successfully obviate. It will be apparent to every one who gives the above causes due consideration that the remedy for unprofitable farming lies with the farmer.—*Iowa, in Prairie Farmer.*

## Unselfishness of Farmers.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican calls attention to a trait of farmers in which, it thinks, they differ as regards each other, from the members of any other guild. "Each man is eager to show his neighbor any new discovery or acquisition which he has possessed himself of that is likely to help on the business of farming. If he thinks he has a 'good thing,' he wants others to know about it, whether it be the result of some successful experiment in raising a crop, an improved breed of cattle or variety of vegetable or a package of superior seed which has come from a distance. Apparently he does not for a moment entertain the idea that it would be to his profit to keep such knowledge or specimens to himself. And if another farmer comes to see him, he is pleased to show all his possessions, and there is no corners of the plaid by which the visitor is hurried because some experiment is going on there which the owner does not care to have seen, as is often the case when a visitor makes the grand rounds of a factory. Contrast this habit of the farmers with the way that neighboring merchants and manufacturers do their business. Why, when it was first proposed to connect the paper mills in Holyoke with their offices in this city by telephone, objection was at once raised that the paper makers might possibly learn each other's secrets as a consequence."

## Household Hints.

**Keep Long Moths.**—If fine cut tobacco is sprinkled under the edge of carpets, under those places where bureaus, bookcases and the like make it dark, the moths will be prevented from laying their eggs in them, as it will drive them away.

**To Keep Beds from Having Bugs.**—A housekeeper says: My plan is at this season, to have all my beds taken to pieces, to scrub all the joints and ends with water and soap, and then to use any kind of varnish for the ends, slats, etc. I know of no other method as easy or as thorough. I have used this in Georgia and Florida.

**Hair-Bushes.**—A few drops of hartshorn put in a little water will clean a hairbrush better than anything else, and does the brush no harm. If very dirty rub a little soap on the brush. After cleaning, rinse in clear water, and hang the brush up by the window to dry. Do not let the bristles on any hard substance while wet. It is better to tie a string round the handle and hang up.

**A Good Greaser.**—In baking buckwheat and other griddle cakes, a piece of fat bacon as a "greaser" is by many thought to be almost indispensable. Those who are of this opinion will, on trial, soon learn that a turnip, divided in two, answers the same or a better purpose, as the bacon—the most unpleasant part of cake baking—comes from the greaser in contact with the hot iron, whereas with the turnip very little of this is perceptible.

**Introduction of Wheat into America.** Prior to the discovery of this continent by Columbus, there was no cereal in America approaching in nature the wheat plant. It was not until 1530 that wheat found its way into Mexico, and then only by chance. A slave of Cortez found a few grains of wheat in a parcel of rice and showed them to his master, who ordered them to be planted. The result showed that wheat would thrive well on

Mexican soil, and to-day one of the finest wheat valleys in the world is near the Mexican capital. From Mexico the cereal found its way to Peru. Mgr. D'Escobar, wife of Diego de Chauvres, carried a few grains to Lima, which were planted, the entire product being used for seed for several successful crops. At Quito, in Ecuador, a monk of the Order of St. Francis, by the name of Fray Iodori Rixi, introduced the new cereal, and it is said that the jar which contained the seeds planted is still preserved by the monks of Quito. Wheat was introduced into the present limits of the United States contemporaneously with the settlement of the country by the English and the Dutch.

Some old fraud writes that "in gardening every portion of the body is exercised, and the mind refreshed." The writer's experience in gardening has evidently been confined to sitting in the shade and bossing a hired man. If he were to dig garden until his body became nearly the shape of a croquet wicket, and it almost snapped his back-bone in half to assume an upright position, he would quickly acknowledge that there is such a thing as exercising the body too much; and when his old man wasn't looking, he would jump over the back fence, go down town, and refresh his mind by engaging in a game of base ball—and perchance get four fingers knocked out of joint, his nose mashed and a new bump erected on his head.—*Exchange.*

## UNCLE MELLICK DINES WITH HIS MASTER.

Oh marster is a cur'us man, as sho as yo' is born! Is wukin in de crib one day a-shellin' o' some corn, An' he was standin' at de do'— "knowed it"? no sah, not! Or fo' de King! dese jaws mine, I'd se'ly kept 'em shot. But to Bru, Simon, shellin' too, what should I do but say: "Is starvin' sence I lars has eat—a wook ago to-day." Den marster cussed and hollered: "Here's a shame an' a disgrace! I, so long a planter—a starved nigger on my place!" Come, Mellick, drap dat' corn an' walk straight to de house wid me! A starvin' nigger on my place's a thing shall nebbor be."

"Hi me eat 'long de white folks, sah?" "Yes, Mellick, take a seat." Den to missis: "Dis starved nigger is done fotch to make 'im eat." An' he drawed a big revolver an' he drapped it by his plate— "Gub 'im soup an' twixt de swallers, don't lemme see yo' wait." Dat soup was fine, I tell yo', and I hide it mighty soon: One eye sot on de pistol an' de turrer on de spoon. "Fish for Mellick, in a hurry, he's a-starvin', don't yo' see?" (Dem mizable house-niggers tucked dar heads an' larted at me.) An' I went for dat red-snapper like de big fish for de small. Glarnced at de navy-shooter onet, den swallowed bones an' all.

"Gub 'im tucky, ham an' eggs, rice, taters spinnage, sparreggrass, Bread, hom'ny, mutton, chicken, beef, corn, turnips, apple-sars, Pease, cabbage, aig-plant, artichoke"—(Dat pistol still in view. An' de white folks dey all lartin', an' dem silly niggers, too.) "Termaters, carrots, parsnips, beets"—"When is he gwine git done?" "—When is he gwine git done?" "Squash, pumpkin, beans an' kercumbers—eat. Mellick, don't leabe none. For dis here day's done bring to me a shame an' a disgrace;— I, so long a planter—a starved nigger on my place!"

Dem things of I'd be'n by my-self, I'd soon put out o' sight. But de com'cal sitivation dar, it spile my appetite. I had to wrastle wid dem wittles hard enough dat day! Till "Now champagne for Mellick!" I heard ole marster say. When dat nigger shoof de bottle by my hade — "Is sho'ly skeed: Dat stuff it look so b'illin' hot, to drink it I wuz leaved."

But arter I'd done swallowed down a glars, I feel so fine, I 'gin de sitivation not so very much to min'. An' den a little restin' spell I sorter tried to take. But de ole master hollered: "Gub 'im puddin' pie an' cake!" — "Wid de han' upon de pistol an' de debil in he eye!" An', Mellick, down wid all!—onless yo' is prepared to die."

I hurried home dem goodies like I hadn't eat dat day; Tell marster see I couldn't pack anoder crumb away; An' den he say: "Now, Mellick, to de crib, git up an' go! An' de naix time yo' is starvin' come to me an' lemme know." But, my! in dat ar bizniss I kin nebbor show my face; An' dar's nebbor been anoden starvin' nigger on de place! —*J. R. Eggleston, in Scribner for June*

## Saving Lives.

Some dogs, in their love and affection for their masters, have at times equalled human beings in their constancy, and even surpassed them in the marvelous intelligence with which they foresee and avert approaching danger. The following example, related to us by one of the ladies of the story, may prove interesting: Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accompanied by their little dog, named Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered—as indeed he was—their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt "quite happy when Jack was with them; he was sure no harm would come to them."

The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go further than they ought, however, and by the time they turned the dusk had fallen, and they were afraid they would be late for tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut

through a wood with which they were well acquainted, having often gathered blackberries in it on a sunny afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it.

"All the same; I am rather afraid," said Dora, the younger of the two. "There have been several robberies in the neighborhood, and I saw some very odd-looking men pass our door to-day. Besides, I am wearing my new watch, which papa gave me on my birthday."

"O, nonsense!" her sister replied. "It is nearly six o'clock now, and we shall be late. Be sure no one will wish us harm."

"I wish I were as certain as you are. But what is the matter with Jack?" Just as she said this, Jack advanced toward them, and planting himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined.

"That is odd," said Dora. I never remember him doing that before." The other girl derided her fears, and attempted to pass the dog; but he caught her dress in his teeth, and held her so firmly that she hardly dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last, seeing how determined he was to prevent their further progress, she gave up trying.

"Well, well, you stupid little brute!" she said, angrily, "I suppose we must go all that long way around." So the two sisters abandoned the idea of taking the short path through the wood, and went home by the safe high-road. When they arrived, how grateful, how unutterably thankful did they feel to their little protector, whose intelligence had been so far superior to theirs, and had saved them despite themselves. A man had been found in the wood, shortly after they had left it, murdered and robbed, it was conjectured, by the tramps who had passed through the village in the morning.

Thus Jack had preserved his mistresses from meeting perhaps a similar fate. Their gratitude, it is needless to add, was profound toward their little four-footed protector, who, we are glad to hear, lived to a good old age.

## A Presentiment in a Dream.

Speaking of the assassination of B. C. Porter, member of a traveling dramatic company, at Marshall, Texas, the Houston (Texas) Telegram says: On the Sunday evening of the departure of the troop for Brenham, a Telegram reporter met Mr. Porter at the Barnes house, and during the conversation Porter related a dream he had had the previous night. His story is now recalled, as it is one of those singular premonitions that are often terribly realized. Said he: "Do you know that, for the life of me I cannot shake off a feeling of gloom and despondency that has hung over me to-day. I am not superstitious or given to belief in dreams; but, for the life of me I cannot drive from my thoughts a singular dream I had last night. I only recall it even now with a shudder. I thought we had met with an accident of some kind, and poor Barrymore! I thought I saw his mangled, bleeding corpse, mutilated and bloody. I also saw Miss Cummins, cold in death, but without a solitary wound or cut. A beautiful smile encircled her lips, and in death she was as beautiful as Hebe. Why I should dream of such horrors I cannot imagine, yet something tells me we shall meet with a calamity soon, and I shall breathe easier when we have crossed the Texas line. I have not opened my head to any one of the company about it, as they would smile at my silly fears."

The dream is all the more singular when it is taken into consideration that Miss Cummins was the lady insulted by the despicable scoundrel Currie, and Mr. Barrymore was also wounded severely by the murderer.

When a man does us a kindness we call him a brick, when he does us an unkindness we want to hit him with one.

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**St. Paul Business Directory.**  
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Dated April 7, 1878.  
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**Pioneer Druggists,**  
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Sept. 11-78f

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Leave Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours.  
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STRICT ATTENTION TO ORDERS BY MAIL.



# LOCAL LEVIES.

## Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.

New potatoes are selling at \$5 per bushel. New hay is selling in this market at \$8 per ton.

Bismarck is supplied with vegetables from her own gardens.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Louis are happy. They have another little Nappy.

Lovey Gill, has put eighty acres of breaking on his Apple Creek farm.

Chaplain Jackson's lecture announced for Friday Evening was postponed.

Arrangements have about been completed for a national bank at Bismarck.

A party from Phenix Mines, Michigan, contemplate locating in this vicinity.

There are one hundred and fifty head of merino rams in town, booked for Montana.

George Peoples has fifty-two acres of oats on Alex. McKenzie's Apple Creek farm.

The city council is discussing the propriety of purchasing a five hundred dollar fire bell.

Vice President Stark will go west on the line of the railroad extension to-morrow. He will extend his trip to the Yellowstone.

The railroad company are building a tank at Apple Creek with a capacity of fifty thousand gallons.

The price of all brands of flour has been raised twenty-five cents per cwt. as will be seen by the market reports.

Rev. Dr. Jackson, Chaplain at Fort Lincoln, is expected to preach in the Presbyterian Church to-morrow morning.

The Keogh mail has at last made time, the teams landing Mr. Warner, the contractor from Fort Keogh to Bismarck in 65 hours.

The eloquent Bishop Clarkson, of Nebraska, will preach to-morrow morning at the school house. It will be the treat of the year.

The business of the Northern Pacific for May was \$194,000, fifty thousand dollars more than for any previous month in the road's history.

George Elder has in a back room of the Pacific a little town—the prettiest ever seen in Bismarck. George should hold fast to the beauty.

At New Buffalo, Dakota, an unknown man attempted to board an east bound train and fell back. One of his heels was crushed under the wheels.

The Episcopal picnic folks were taken to Apple Creek this forenoon in three neighbors. They have a hospital tent pitched that will protect from the rain.

H. A. Bruns will establish two branch stores west on the line next week. One thing two miles out will be under the charge of J. C. Clark, of this city.

A crop of ten miles yesterday only developed about ten rods of grasshoppers. They have not appeared except on the flats and have done but little damage.

Emerson has in his keeping a pair of squabbling bears, the property of Capt. Marshall. They came down on the Montana. It is hoped that the Capt. will donate them to the park menagerie.

J. P. Porter, has sold his restaurant to Messrs. Smith & Bussy. The latter was for some years a steward on the Northern line of steamers and understands all the ins and outs of the restaurant business.

President Hayes' section north of town is showing up a fine soil. About eighty acres were turned over this week. This section and those contiguous are as good as the most exacting farmer would desire.

Potatoes are in blossom on the Porter farm one mile north of Bismarck. New potatoes long before the 4th is therefore indicated. Dr. Porter has found a jewel in Mr. J. F. Wallace, his industrious and intelligent farmer.

The ghost of Wm. Penn was in town yesterday. He rode a pony, carried a rifle on theommel of his saddle, wore a linen coat and a broad rim hat. His features were benign but his color was off. He looked as if he had just arrived—from an agency.

The audience at the "bull and bear" fight in Raymond's back yard last Tuesday, was not very large. Gurley was captured until he reached the ground to witness a genuine Spanish sport, when he found to his utter disgust that it was a dog, and he was the only victim.

A mail route has been established between Ft. Benton and Ft. Assinaboine and tri-weekly service ordered, therefore all mail for the new military post should be sent via Ft. Benton. Contract for the service will be let in October, temporary service having been in the mean time provided.

James Barnard, of St. Louis, arrived Monday evening too late for the Helena. He took a livery team and overtook her before morning. Barnard goes up to inspect the unfortunate Yellowstone for the insurance companies. Only Capt. Jacob's interest in the boat was insured, but the cargo was fully insured.

Yesterday afternoon the excavation for the foundation of the Bennett flouring mill was commenced. R. B. Mason is the contractor for that work and the masonry. Seven car loads of lumber and some of the machinery for the mill have arrived. Our merchants universally acknowledge the mill to be the most important enterprise that has yet been started.

Jerry Duane has received from Chicago the most hack ever seen in Bismarck. It originally cost sixteen hundred dollars. He had it out for the first time Friday evening drawn by two fine gray horses. The turnout drew forth many pleasant remarks. The hack opens back and front and gives a very aristocratic appearance to the vehicles as well as the occupants. Jerry is ahead on carriages.

Charley Collins is prospecting for the location that will in the near future be capitol of Dakota, and thinks he has found it in Brute City, and has gone down to nurse the situation, leaving Frank McGlinchey in charge of the *Champion*, which has improved immensely under Frank's management. We hope Charley will find a good thing and sincerely hope that no encouragement he receives abroad

will induce him to take the *Champion* from Bismarck.

Last Saturday evening thieves broke into Capt. Harmon's trader's store at Fort Lincoln and stole about sixty dollars in money and three times that much of fine goods, including silk hosiery, handkerchiefs, a camel's hair shawl, meerschaum pipes, etc. Capt. Harmon offered a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension of the thief and \$50 for the recovery of the goods. On Wednesday the goods were found in A Company's stable and two men of that troop arrested on suspicion. Sergeant Herron, of that company, gets the reward.

## Letter List.

List of letters remaining undelivered in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Saturday, June 7, 1879:

Ally W H	Miller Frank J
Capron Joseph E	Manseth Ole Larsen
Curran John	McCormack Malcolm
Crosby Michael	McPherson V J
Chisholm P James	Newton Geo
Conlan Thomas	Neeland Mrs J M
Edwards J B	Patterson Chas
Fisher Chas W	Powers Erectus
Farris Buford	Palmer Wm
Fullmer Henry	Rundell Alma
Fenlon J P	Sauer Ed
Garnes Elting J	Shannon Geo
Gilbert Fred	Smiley Peter
Grieser Mrs Fredrig	Suttee Z L
Hanscome Frank	Tibbals Bradford K
Henry W C	Torpy David
Kinder Gee	Wildman Hiram 2
Loomis J W	Windle Frank
Lamb Wm	Wheeler James
McDonald D J	Whitell James
McCormack Amos	Yeager Chas
Messer Charlie V	Yeager Christ
Malkins Henry	Zeller Seward K

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty Days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office, at Washington. Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertise Letters," and give date of list. C. A. LOUXSBERRY, P. M.

## Fresh Strawberries

Received every night at the New Le-Bon-Ton.

## Announcement Extraordinary.

Kept constantly on hand at the Mirne-ha-ha Sample Room:  
Fresh Ale and Porter on draught.  
Schultz's Export Beer.  
Imported Ginger Ale.  
Appollain's Water.  
Seltzer Water.  
Fine Rye and Bourbon Whiskies.  
Best brandy on hand.  
All Mixed Drinks in season.  
The popular resort of the City. Everything first-class. Free Lunch every night. 31f

## We Have Just Received:

New Potatoes,  
New Onions,  
Cocoanuts,  
Lemons,  
3-4 Hallett & Keating.

## Blank Books and Stationery

A full line at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

## Still Ahead.

Parties visiting the New Le-Bon-Ton Restaurant kept by Joe Hare, and presided over by "Old Dick," the gentlemanly waiter, will hereafter find constantly on hand all the delicacies of the season. Fresh Strawberries are received every night, and the best Ice Cream in the city dished up at a moment's notice. The place is open day and night, which, together with its location, opposite the main block, makes it the most popular place of the kind in the city.

## The Celebrated

Bart & Mear's hand sewed Gaiter at J. H. MARSHALL'S.

## Smokers' Goods

Fine selection of pipes and pouches, choice cigars and tobacco at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

## Baby Carriages.

A fine lot of Baby Carriages just received at Cady's Furniture Store on Third Street. Call and examine them before buying elsewhere.

## Butter, Butter.

Choice lots on consignment to be closed out at Walker's St. Louis Store.

## For Rent.

A good tenement house in pleasant location. Apply to C. K. WILLIAMS, Bismarck, D. T. 32-34.

## Staple and Fancy Groceries.

A full line complete at Walker's St. Louis Store.

## Fresh Fruit.

A full line of fresh fruits at W. H. STIMPSON'S, with soda water and the choicest confectionery.

## Trouble for Flies.

Our new fine mesh wire cloth was obtained at much expense and trouble. Sold at same prices as coarse mesh goods. C. S. WEAVER & CO. 3-6

## Has no Comparison.

As the "Belle of the Ball" is held in estimation by her companions and admirers, so is the Belle of Moorhead Flour praised by the families who use it. It will be found for sale by all first-class grocers.

## Croquet Sets.

A fine assortment at Stimpson's. Also a new stock of wall papers; new lot of fine stationery.

## Steamboat Supplies.

Oils, turpentine, rosin and pitch at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

## Cigars and Tobacco

At wholesale at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

## Mosquitoes.

Two more wires to the inch than any other wire cloth in the market. Only sold by C. S. WEAVER & CO. 3-6

## Northern Pacific Flour

Try It. For sale by McLEAN & MACNIDER. 1-12

## Gents' French Kid

Walking Shoes at Marshall's. 3-6

## Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. M. P. SLATTERY, 12m3 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

## Phineton-Top Baby Carriages

A full line of baby carriages ranging in price from eight to twenty-five dollars and up to price of \$40. W. H. STIMPSON'S.

## Five Car Loads of Beer.

J. W. Raymond & Co. have just received five car loads of Milwaukee Beer bottled by Phillip Best's Brewing company.

## To the Hungry.

Messrs. Euse & Smith have taken charge of the restaurant formerly owned by J. P. Foster, on Main Street, and are now serving the best meals in the city. Having had long experience they understand the business thoroughly. In cooking they use the best the market affords.

All the delicacies of the season will be found on the tables and their motto is to cater to the wants of their customers.

## To Arrive This Evening:

Strawberries,  
Bananas,  
New Beets,  
Raspberries,  
3-4 Hallett & Keating.

## Just Arrived.

At J. H. Marshall's: an assortment of Bart & Mear's hand-sewed Shoes. 3-6

## Ice Cream

By the dish, pint, quart or gallon at C. A. Harmon's. The best in the city. Ice cream delivered to families in any part of the city.

## Window Screens.

Door and window screens of our new wire cloth made to order. Sure stop to mosquitoes. 3-6 C. S. WEAVER & CO.

## Bottled Beer.

Five car loads of Phillip Best's Milwaukee Beer at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

## Blank Books and Stationery

At Hollembaek's

## Burling County Orders

We will pay 75 cents on the dollar for all Burling County Orders sent to us before the first of July next. 53tf

## White Lead and Glass

At St. Paul prices at Hollembaek's.

## The Best Strawberries

In the market received every night at C. A. Harmon's, Main Street.

## Choice Butter.

All who are in want of choice butter should go to the St. Louis Store. Maj. Walker has extra facilities for keeping it in hot weather. He has a large cooler in the store made of galvanized iron, and a large ice house full of ice besides an extra vault under the ice house. He is receiving consignments from the best dairies east and can always supply hotel keepers, housekeepers and all others with a very choice article right from the ice house.

## Wire Cloth.

We have procured a wire cloth with two more wires to the inch than any ever in this market. It will keep out the mosquitoes. 3-6 C. S. WEAVER & CO.

## Steamboat Supplies.

Oils, turpentine, rosin and pitch at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

## Ice Cream

Constantly on hand at the New Le-Bon-Ton.

## Just Received.

Choice Oval Oranges  
Lemons  
Pine Apples,  
Bananas,  
Rusky Mountain Pines,  
Malta Dates,  
Persian Dates,  
New Figs,  
Spanish Lilly Bulbs,  
Just received by Hallett & Keating.

A large stock of Old S. M. Whisky at Hollembaek's.

## To Housekeepers.

And others who contemplate such a venture. J. C. Cady, on 3d Street, has the finest assortment of furniture ever brought to this city. His stock is complete as he keeps new goods constantly on the road. He also has a full assortment of musical instruments, pictures, frames, etc. Walnut goods a specialty.

## Choice California Fruits.

The choicest and best at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

## We are in Daily Receipt of

Choice Strawberries,  
Cucumbers,  
New Tomatoes,  
Potatoes,  
Cabbage,  
Mint,  
Bougainvillea, etc.  
Hallett & Keating.

## Old Whisky.

The finest in the land at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

## Strayed Notice.

Strayed on to my premises at Dry Point, a Bay Pony, with small white star in forehead, and white hind sock. Owner can have same by calling and paying cost of advertising and keeping. 2-4 R. C. HANSON.

## Money to Loan.

On Real Estate or approved collaterals. 15tf GEO. P. FLANNERY.

## White Lead and Glass

At Wm. A. Hollembaek's.

## Engraving.

Several car loads to arrive next week at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

## New grass butter received daily.

Hallett & Keating.

## Lemons.

Fifty boxes lemons at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

Mr. Daniel Collins, late of Fort Totten, has purchased the Headquarters Hotel at Mandan and invites his friends to give him a call. 3-6

Strawberries received every day during the season. Hallett & Keating.

Buy the Red Tag tobacco from Clum Emmons.

A New Invoice of Kentucky Whiskies. Just received at Walker's St. Louis Store.

## A Sure Cure For Piles.

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William (an Indian remedy) called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst old chronic cases of twenty-five and thirty years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electrics do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night and during warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

I consulted physicians in Philadelphia, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and this city, and spent hundreds of dollars, and found no relief until I obtained a box of Dr. William's Indian Ointment some four months ago, and it has cured me completely.

JOSEPH M. RYDER, Cleveland, O.  
"Has done me more good than all the medicine I ever tried, and have spent more than \$100 with doctors besides medicines I am sure cost me more than \$40."

DAVID SPARKLING, Ingraham, Ill.  
"Have suffered twenty years with itching and ulcerated piles, having used every remedy that came to my notice without benefit, until I used Indian Ointment and received immediate relief." JAMES CARROLL (an old miner), Tecumseh, Nev.  
"No Pile Remedy ever gained such rapid favor as extensive sale. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. For wholesale by Redington & Co., San Francisco, Cal. 42f

# 1,000 Laborers Wanted!

To buy their outfits of Clothing at the Star Clothing House.

## For Work on the Extension!

ALSO

## 500 Traveling Men Wanted!

To visit this popular store, where

## Trunks, Valises, Etc., will be Furnished

At the Lowest Cash Figures.

## THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Has Just Received a Large Stock of

## Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Etc., Etc.

## The Best Ever Brought to this Market.

Call and convince yourself of their genuineness and our ability to meet the wants of every one. Remember the place,

SIGN OF THE RED STAR.

Cor. Main and Fourth Sts., Bismarck, D. T.

M. EPPINGER, proprietor.

# McLEAN & MACNIDER,

General Dealers in

## Groceries, Dry Goods

BOOTS AND SHOES,

## CLOTHING

HATS AND CAPS,

## CROCKERY, ETC.,

Agents for

## THE STUDEBAKER WAGON.

Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

## J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

## WHOLESALE

## GROGERS,

## BISMARCK, D. T.

## W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

## Druggist and Fancy Goods,

## BISMARCK, D. T.

## W. W. KIMBALL'S

## Mammoth Music House,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ANNUAL SALES, \$1,500,000.

SOLE WESTERN AGENT for the following Instruments:—Hallett Davis & Co., J. P. Hale, and W. W. Kimball Pianos. W. W. Kimball and Smith's Organs. Instruments which have an established reputation far and wide, based upon experience in every respect. Old Instruments taken in exchange for New. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every Instrument warranted for five years.

F. J. CALL,

BISMARCK, D. T., SOLE AGENT FOR NORTHERN DAKOTA. Catalogues Free on Application. Northern